

July 1956 - 25¢

# The Sign

*National Catholic Magazine*



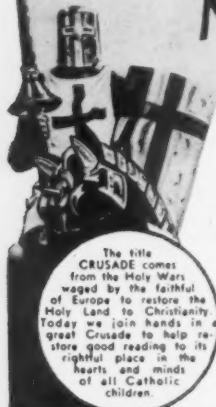
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# Letters

## ENCYCICALS

I wish to congratulate your magazine for the editorial and the article by John C. Cort on the Encyclicals; they are challenging, informative, and written in refreshingly modern style.

I am certain they have been well received and have had a beneficial influence on many skeptical members of our labor unions. . . .

EMILE DEMERS

HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.

## DISAPPOINTED

A television announcer the other day proclaimed this month "National Tavern Month," and your cover for this month (May) pictures an earnest crusader against Communism. However, my children have been coming home from school singing "Tis the Month of Our Mother," and I am inclined to agree with them. No, I won't cancel my subscription, but I am disappointed with your cover this month.

MRS. TED A. BECKER, JR.  
E. AURORA, N. Y.

## RACISM

The Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B., article on "Racism and the Eucharist" (May) is a challenge to every actual and potential member of the Church. It is both timely and inspiring.

MRS. D. L. ROBBINS  
DES PLAINES, ILL.

It would be a fine thing if all Catholics could have the opportunity to read your "Spiritual Thought for the Month" in the May issue, "Racism and the Eucharist."

With so much printed on the Negro problem in the secular press, it is sometimes difficult to see to the heart of this matter. As you point out in your article, we who are members of the Mystical Body of Christ cannot in conscience accept Christ into our hearts in Holy Communion and yet hold these racial prejudices.

Thanks to THE SIGN for giving each of us cause to stop and examine our conscience in this important spiritual matter.

LORNA GILROY  
UTICA, NEW YORK

## NO JOKE

Month after month I find interest and stimulation in THE SIGN. The May issue is excellent, but it contains two minor items that give me pause.

One of these is the "joke" about the psychiatrist and the tailor, which seems especially inappropriate in its setting beside an

article that aims to improve Catholic understanding of psychiatry. I am afraid that some of our misconceptions about this vital subject are traceable to the feeble humor at the psychiatrists' expense that we have been hearing all our lives. Fun's fun, but it does not seem fair to imply that a psychiatrist would advise a patient to ignore his legitimate obligations.

The other item is the reference in "The Sign Post" to the rill raff marching in the Lincoln Brigade's leftist parade in New York. If we believe that every human being is made in God's likeness and is a potential candidate for salvation, perhaps we should be careful how we use words like "rill raff". . . .

MISS ANITA C. LANE  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## BRITISH TAG?

In your May issue of THE SIGN you have a picture of a British Army sentry on duty in Cyprus. The picture bears the following caption: "British sentry on rooftop in troubled Cyprus is among the troops used to quell terrorist activity of Cypriote Greeks who want island to become part of Greece. At the moment, the world cannot afford the luxury of violence. And Cyprus is no exception."

It is sad to notice that your editorial department has fallen for the age-old British propaganda weapon to brand all freedom-loving natives with the terrorist tag. . . .

PETER J. KELLERHER  
BRONX, N. Y.

## 3

Red Smith's recording of Stengelese points up the three characters that you wrapped up in the June issue: Kir, Hitchcock, and Stengel. I don't mean that they weren't in-tristin', cause they were and I think any one readin' the issue would enjoy them it's just that this was the first time I read the SIGN that's the kind of material I didn't expect to find but it is good and it is the kind tho' some others were more important the ones on Canada and Australia and Russia that's why I wanted to tell you I enjoyed this issue but you may not be able to do it again I think but you never can tell.

JAMES MORROW  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

No, I don't suppose you can.

## BUSINESS SAINT

Enjoyed reading the article "The Saint in a Business Suit," by Louise Lind, in the May issue.





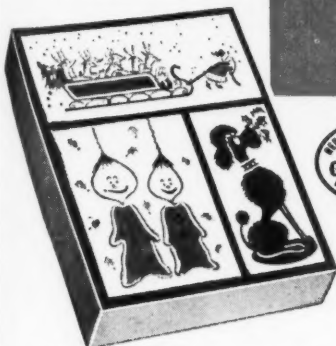
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THE SIGN Room 107 UNION CITY, N. J.

I like my job being a typist and the people I work with are grand but there are times when I feel the typewriter is running me rather than vice versa.

MISS A. POMPEII

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

### POLICE DETECTIVE

The religious article by Police Lieutenant Sloan in the April issue of THE SIGN has helped me a lot in looking upon a career in the police department as a worthy form of Catholic Action.

Thanks for publishing such an article.

GERARD GIBBONS

WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

Boston still remembers the thrilling sight of the row after row of "New York's Finest" that marched in our Holy Name Parade of several years ago.

Thanks to the April issue of THE SIGN for allowing us to meet such a one as Lt. Sloan face to face. He must be a great inspiration to his city and parish!

WILLIAM REGAN

DORCHESTER, MASS.

### OBJECTION

Your editorial comment in the May issue to the effect that "those who have a sufficient reason for limiting their families may do so (by the indicated method) without breaking friendship with God" is, of course, morally sound. The implications of the editorial, however, are most unfortunate in that the reasons cited for the grossly immoral use of contraceptives are insufficient to warrant the practice of the natural method in Christian marriage. The married may not so unresistingly "adjust to the amoral economy of our time" lest they be "accorded the social rating of lowbrows" by producing more than two offspring. So, too, the married adapt the house to the family, not the family to the house, without undue emphasis on attractiveness and expensiveness—supposing, of course, adequacy; they discover apartments where children are not taboo; and they make some sacrifices in their manner of living before conceding that their wages are inadequate for a larger family.

RT. REV. MSGR. JULIUS W. HAUN

WINONA, MINN.

### NEAR EAST

A word of appreciation for the fine editorial "Peace in the Near East" (April). My congratulations to a man (Father Gorman) who knows the truth, and a magazine (THE SIGN) willing and ready to publish it.

GEORGE M. SABA

(A PALESTINIAN REFUGEE)

W. ROXBURY, MASS.

### OUT OF RANGE

Just saw your March issue and enjoyed the article on Monaco and Father Tucker, particularly as I grew up in that town.

For accuracy's sake, however, the picture

on page 33 shows the Cathedral—if the Church where Father Tucker officiates is St. Charles, it is at the other end of town, out of the picture.

E. CAILAN

PILHAM, N. Y.

### SAD STORY

I am a convert and started to subscribe to THE SIGN this year. In the four months of reading, I am delighted with all the articles, except the stories.

These I find weak, uninteresting, and pointless. I could read such in any non-Catholic magazine. There are many excellent writers, Catholics, who bring in Catholic themes, or at any rate something relevant. Could you include at least one such story of Catholic interest about Catholics?

I much enjoy the question-and-answer articles, also the letters.

MRS. DOROTHY BEST

MANITOBA, CANADA

### CHURCH IN JAPAN

Your report on the Church in Japan (May) was interesting. Concerned as we are with our own national welfare, we sometimes forget the world-wide mission in which the Church is engaged.

I was especially intrigued by the reference to Jocisme and the advances it is making for the Church among Japanese workers. Here is a lay movement about which we Catholics know very little if anything. Does it deserve more publicity?

JOHN HANNON

CHICAGO, ILL.

### "POLICE CAR"

During all the years I have been reading THE SIGN I never read one of its short stories—not because of any resolution; I just didn't bother with them.

But in your March issue I had no choice. That sketch of the two cops ("Police Car," p. 40) was intriguing. It sold the story behind it, which I also enjoyed. From now on short stories will have an easier time finding a place in my reading.

FRATER BOB COLEMAN

MARENISCO, MICH.

### LETTER WRITERS

I think you are broadminded to print the critical letters you receive—opinions of subscribers who disagree violently with every article in THE SIGN. Many of their criticisms sound small, petty, and unreasonable. I don't agree with every sentiment expressed, but I hope I have enough Christian humility to admit that I might be wrong.

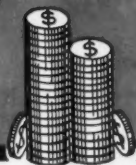
Reading THE SIGN has helped to make me a better living Catholic and a better informed Catholic too.

J. B. McMAHON

OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA

It seems to me that you have been leaning a bit too far backward in your "Letters" column in an apparent effort to be more

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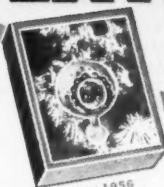
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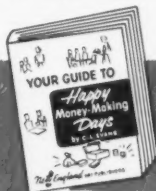
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than fair. The brickbats far exceed the bouquets.  
Granted a method in such mild masochism, there are times, however, when I suspect that your editorial leg is being pulled. I have in mind those correspondents who scowl at your stand on organized labor or the U.N., and who conclude with an airy demand to cancel or not renew their subscriptions.

That's the typical Christian Front tactic, a pattern this old, experienced hand can detect in a jiffy. In your January number, for example, a Rochester "American from 'way back," miffed by your trade-union articles and the Humes' attitudes on hymns and Liberace, tells you she's not going to renew her "subscriptions."

Here's where I'd like to put in my two bits. By way of reprisal, will you please tack a counteracting renewal to my subscription? And let that offer stand for any similar brickbats from my home city.

S. J. FITZGERALD  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**CONGRATULATIONS**

I've been an enthusiastic subscriber to THE SIGN for many years, and read it from cover to cover, passing it on to those in the office who are interested, and eventually sending it to a priest friend of mine in India. Keep up the good work!

MRS. FRANCES K. MITCHELL  
GLEN ELLYN, ILL.

Have been receiving for some years your wonderful magazine. My sincere congratulations and thanks go to you and your good co-workers. THE SIGN has brought many hours of enjoyment to myself and my family.

ROBERT J. BERNA  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

It has been my pleasure for many years to be an ardent reader of THE SIGN, which is undoubtedly the finest Catholic magazine in this country. Your magazine belongs in the living room of every Catholic family as a source of information and inspiration.

PHILIP WILLIAMS, JR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

**A SUGGESTION**

I would strongly recommend that you expand your movie review column, even at the expense of the legitimate plays reviews. I wouldn't be surprised if a majority of your readers see two movies a month but never attend a legitimate play the whole year around. Carrying a list from month to month of J. Cotter's movie ratings would be helpful in case one didn't keep back issues of THE SIGN.

LAWRENCE E. McALLISTER  
FLUSHING, N. Y.

**AND A PRAYER**

Unlike a good many of your subscribers who canceled out in indignation at your magazine's current trend toward utter liberalism, I am maintaining my subscription in the hope that it will soon return to being

the good Catholic magazine that it was several years ago.

I pray that those who are responsible will soon come to their senses.  
PAUL M. PALAZZOLO  
CORONA, N. Y.

**SHEPHERDS WITHOUT SHEEP**

Having read *Shepherds Without Sheep* I was so moved by its message that I sent several copies to friends. It was a sharp disappointment to read the review of the book in the April issue of THE SIGN. The writer questioned the value of the book and suggested that there might be danger that the sheep would be alarmed by the knowledge that there are stray shepherds. This is an age when subjects which hitherto were hushed up are now brought out in the open. The shock is softened when the matter is candidly discussed. . . .

It is encouraging to know that the book is second on *America's* list. It would not be so if readers had been influenced by the review in THE SIGN.

MARGARET CUNNINGHAM  
WEST NEWTON, MASS.

**DR. WASSERSUG**

My husband and I took a year's subscription to THE SIGN for ourselves and a relative; the relative writes that he enjoys it much since he has gotten acquainted with it. We, too, appreciate it and are learning many things of interest from it.

Are most happy to discover Joseph D. Wassersug, M.D., writing medical articles in your magazine. . . .

MRS. GEORGE MINSE  
WASECA, MINN.

**"Y"**

Catholics are strictly forbidden to join the "Y."

Reason: "Y not religiously neutral." THE SIGN-4-56-p. 60.

Should the 'Heavy Thinkers' in the 'Ivy League' of the Church ever develop a comparable organization to the "Y", I'm sure its *Modus Operandi* would be the nemesis of, as you say, "religiously neutral."

J. J. BONE  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

**TO A POINT**

I subscribed to THE SIGN magazine when one of the members of your congregation spoke at our church. The content of the magazine is good, but very often some of the statements made seem contradictory to what, I was taught, is the true attitude toward people, etc. I have no intention of canceling my subscription, but if I had to accept everything in your magazine as being true, my confidence in the Catholic Faith would not be as strong.

THOMAS B. SCHMIDT  
HARRISBURG, PA.

You really don't have to, you know. Enough that you find the contents good.

JULY

1956



VOL. 35 NO. 12

# The Sign®

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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COVER PHOTO BY DAN COLEMAN

## Uncle Sam and His Friends

**A**S a matter of professional duty, this writer scans quite a few foreign publications to get the feel of what is going on in various parts of the world. This isn't always a pleasant task for an American. In spite of the billions he has given away, Uncle Sam is not a very popular fellow in many places.

Here are some of the most frequent gripes:

Uncle Sam gives away a lot of money, but he doesn't do it from generosity. He's trying to buy up allies to help him save his own skin in case of war with Soviet Russia. Although he's pretty safe, with almost a continent to himself, he wants allies who will fight his battles for him.

Many of the critics don't share Uncle Sam's hatred of Communism. He's rich and fat and powerful, they say. He has a lot to lose. But what about people who don't have enough to eat, who haven't land of their own or even a passing acquaintance with liberty, leisure, education, or luxury? What have they to lose under Communism? What have they got to fight for? They couldn't be any worse off than they are now.

Other critics say that Uncle Sam can't make up his own mind. He doesn't know what he wants. He piously encourages nationalism and independence in Asia and Africa, but at the same time works hand and glove with the colonial powers, Britain and France. It's no wonder, they say, that Secretary of State Dulles is burned in effigy in India for calling Goa a "Far Eastern Province" of Portugal and an American consulate is burned in North Africa by French colonists.

The Near East is cited as an example of Uncle Sam's split personality. He helped to found and has protected the new State of Israel which the Arabs regard as a dagger thrust into their side. At the same time he has cultivated the friendship of the Arabs who control an area rich in oil and of untold strategic value. So the Israelis accuse Uncle Sam of selling them down the river for Arab oil and the Arabs accuse him of doing the same for the Jewish vote.

Uncle Sam is accused of being a hypocrite. He prates piously about the equality of all men of all races and religions. But while he condemns apartheid in South Africa he practices segregation in his own South—and doesn't do too well even in the North.

Even his friends to the north and south regard Uncle Sam with a certain degree of suspicion

because of his strength and wealth, and they watch carefully for signs of "Yankee imperialism."

We could go on listing accusations, but these give us a good enough sampling of the lot.

As a matter of fact, we Americans are not as good as we think we are nor as bad as our critics paint us.

Some of the criticism is derived from unworthy motives. In an article in the French magazine *Paris-Match*, Raymond Cartier sums up the reasons for dislike of Americans in some parts of the world: 1) they're white, 2) they're rich, 3) they're the richest of the whites.

We can't do anything about the fact we're white, even if we wanted to, in order to please the two-thirds of the human race that's colored. We certainly don't plan to do anything about being rich—except to get richer, as long as we use our wealth conscientiously.

On the other hand we must admit our critics are sometimes right. There really isn't much point in preaching the dangers of Communism to paupers, it's rather illogical to favor the emancipation of the Bantus in Africa and to segregate their fellow blacks here, it's dangerous to try to play both sides of the fence in Palestine, it's rather ineffectual to warn a people fighting colonialism of the dangers of Soviet imperialism, it's unfair to expect weak nations living next door to Soviet Russia or her satellites to be as militantly anti-Communist as a powerful nation five thousand miles away.

**U**NCLE Sam needs allies, but he might as well make up his mind that he can't buy friends even with his billions. He'd be foolish to enter an international popularity contest in which the cards would be stacked against him anyway. He'll end up with just as many friends and allies if he follows a strong, consistent, honest, straightforward policy based on Christian principles and on his own interests.

Uncle Sam really isn't a bad old gentleman, but he does need to sit down quietly for awhile and take stock of himself and the world in which he's living today.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



# CURRENT



# FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

We hope that Senator Kennedy will forgive us for borrowing a title from his book. No more apt phrase can be used to describe recent labor-union activities in regard to racial integration. Too often we are prone to criticize the shortcomings of organized labor, without being equally willing to give credit for its achievements. True, many persons have praised George Meany for his forthright stands on both Soviet Communism and domestic racketeering.

## Profiles in Courage

Yet, without intending to detract in the slightest from his achievement, we note that his stand against Soviet Communism helps rather than hurts the labor movement. The same is true as regards racketeering, even though the immediate result may be threats of withdrawal by powerful unions. This issue had to be faced, and the sooner, the better.

But when we come to the matter of racial integration, the leaders of union labor have taken stands which may well hurt them, so far as membership is concerned. They were told bluntly that they could write off Southern organizing campaigns, if they took strong stands on the racial issues.

More than this, they would lose present members and even face the threat of widespread secession of Southern unions from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

The answer to this threat was the planning of a national campaign for union funds to fight against racial discrimination. George Meany himself accepted the chairmanship of a commission to lead this fight. David Dubinsky, of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, will be treasurer. In addition, the Textile Workers Union sharply condemned the White Citizens' Councils. So did the president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union.

All these unions have vested interests in the South. They face a hard struggle for survival in states which have right-to-work laws. The charge that they favor racial integration may well be their death blow in Southern states. And, if they lose out in the South, their Northern locals will face stiff economic competition from unorganized

## Labor Unions and the South

mills below the Mason-Dixon Line.

It is not too much to say that these three unions in the

Placing his left hand on the flag and raising his right with three fingers extended to symbolize the Holy Trinity, a new recruit in the Vatican's Swiss Guards takes his oath. Swiss have guarded the Pope for the last 450 years

United Press





*Religious News*  
The first diocesan priests to leave for the foreign missions under the auspices of a U. S. bishop receive their mission crosses from Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, Archbishop of St. Louis. The priests volunteered when the archbishop asked for help to relieve priest-hungry Latin America



*United Press*  
St. Leone the Black, says a legend in Sinagra, Italy, was a saint who liked to get things done in a hurry. Consequently, when Sinagrans celebrate his feast day the town's athletes whip the saint's statue through town at a quick trot. The procession may not be decorous, but it is fast

clothing field risked destruction to uphold the principle of brotherhood and equality. They could have remained discreetly silent. Or the struggle could have been left to other unions whose membership was mainly outside the South.

Defenders of organized labor have often complained that its detractors demanded a higher standard of morality from unions than prevails in the business or political world. Such defenders claim that commercial bribery is rampant, that some businessmen are willing to appease the Soviet Union in order to promote trade, and that many racketeers thrive because business is unwilling to fight them. Whatever the truth of this charge, friends of organized labor can be proud of its leadership in the struggle for human rights and racial justice. It is leading the community in courage and integrity.

Scientists at the California Institute of Technology have surveyed the possibility of feeding an increased world population. Their conclusion is that hitherto untapped resources would provide for a population many times the size of the present one. The problem, they claim, is not to augment resources, but to augment the number of scientific researchers and technologists available to process the resources. Processing is the great need.

Available, too, they say, is potential brain power. But what is notably lacking is vocational emphasis and education for the prospective scientist. A way must be found to get appropriate candidates into the technological field and then to get them suitably educated.

While realizing the need for trained technologists to develop food resources, we should not fret that the project is too radical for us to expect success with it. We have done as much in the past. Our adjustment to the industrial age was as radical. So was our adjustment to the new age of com-

munications. These crises spawned their own needs and their own brood of competent technologists to meet the needs. So will food. It is less dispensable than the automobile or television.

This drift may not occur as soon as the Cal Tech analysts would like. But such things never do. The need must be felt first. When food begins to get scarce under the present system of production, industrialists will start an intensive search for more effective methods. They will pay well for anybody who can contribute to their search. And the pay will attract vocations to this new field of science.

This is how most mass movements happen in technology. Not by the public's conceiving a problem in the abstract. But by its feeling the problem as present. A man jumps when he is pinched, not by being told that he will be pinched sometime next week.

Since 1921, mountaineers—suffering from whatever itch it is which vexes them—have been trying to scale Mount Everest. A dozen attempts had been made before a British group succeeded on May 29, 1953. Just a few weeks ago, in late May of 1956, a Swiss climbing team succeeded twice. Note that, once it was done, it was very soon done

again. The same curious chain of events is discernible in the history of the four-minute mile. A few years ago, the four-minute mile was practically placed in the category of the impossible. Then on May 6, 1951, Roger Bannister, of England, did the mile in 3:59.4. Immediately, a rash of duplication broke out.

Not so many years ago, the sound barrier (over 700 miles an hour) was considered speed enough to smash a plane as effectively as a mountain. But the sound barrier was eventually broken, and now a fighter plane which cannot outfly its own sound isn't considered for production.



*United Press*  
A passerby holds his head in confusion at the sight of the welter of political posters begging his vote in Italian elections. Things didn't come out too badly, however, for the center parties gained strength at the expense of both the extreme Right and the extreme Left wing parties



*Religious News*  
The Diocesan Council of Catholic Youth of Worcester, Mass., has taken up a unique project called "Operation Crossroads" which aims at dotting the New England countryside with wayside shrines like the one above. Bishop John J. Wright blesses the shrine while DCCY officers look on

Evidently there is a factor in the human psychology which explodes into action when something is proved possible. This trigger of enterprise clears the mind of self-doubt, bespangles the future with ravishing rainbows, and promises to sell it all quite cheap. Buyers, thereupon, begin to crowd each other at the auction block and hoary records proceed to fall.

This phenomenon is not confined to mountain climbing, footracing, and aerodynamics. It has been observed in the field of moral achievement also. The example of Paul and Anthony and Pachomius peopled the deserts of the Near East with holy hermits. The example of Francis of Assisi and Bernard of Clairvaux filled Europe with saints.

We do not know of the possibility of cross-pollination between the material world and the spirit. But we hope there is such a thing and we can fancy the effect it could have on our generation.

For instance, transportation in the days of the old saints, moved, at best, at fifteen miles an hour. Today's experimental jets have flown at a hundred times that speed. Wouldn't it be wonderful if this determination to break records, which has so greatly developed our mechanical prowess, would get knocked out of its orbit like an accelerated particle in a cyclotron, and trigger an equivalent acceleration of the spirit.

If St. Francis of Assisi were a covered wagon saint, imagine the saint who would be able to live up to a jet.

What would happen to us in the event of an all out attack by Russia and its allies? Would we stagger, fall, and then get up off the canvas to win? Or would we be counted out?

### The Strategist and the Layman

A civilian wouldn't know. A member of the armed forces, if not connected with the office of a Chief of Staff, wouldn't know. All of which is understandable and unalarming. But how about the Chiefs of Staff?

Do they know? Apparently not. This pertinent fact might keep one awake nights.

Navy strategists, for instance, believe that super-carriers like the "Forrestal" could be the decisive weapon. Air Force strategists, however, believe that a carrier's principal service would be similar to that of a clay pigeon at a skeet range. It would be a luxury target for Soviet bombardiers to sharpen their shooting eye on.

Army strategists pin their faith on the Nike rocket to knock down Soviet bombers which might attack strategic areas of our country. But Air Force critics claim that the Nike can't target on the fast, high-flying planes which the Soviet has in volume production. These scoffers entertain as low an opinion of Nike's accuracy as a big-league manager would of a rookie pitcher with a cold arm.

And Air Force opinion of itself? Very, very pessimistic. By its own account, it is due to be outstripped in the next few years by Soviet bombers of the Bison class.

All this recrimination, this claim and counter-claim about what is and what is not needed for successful defense will make it difficult for Civil Defense to get volunteers—say, skywatchers.

The typical citizen does not begrudge his country a few hours a week—or a day, for that matter—if he has some assurance that his effort is going to be worthwhile. But he will think twice about standing on a roof, gazing at the sky through a pair of binoculars, if top strategic brass keeps telling him in a roundabout way that the only effect his patriotic exertion will have will be to get him a stiff neck or a cold in the head.

A little more co-ordination of opinion arrived at in private between service strategists would make a more favorable impression on the public.

Such a policy of private conference and private planning seems to work out for other multi-membered groups. Orchestras, for instance, or football teams.





Sister Scholastica, C.R., and Father Carroll, C.P., monitor one of the tape recordings that supply patients at Chicago's Resurrection Hospital with restful liturgical music via pillow radios. Scholastics of the Chicago Province of the Passionists record the music for the hospital



Two real live little Indians, Bright Waters and Blue Jay, battle it out for the midget championship of the Marquette League Relays sponsored by the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions. The referee, Jesuit Father Merz, using a little casuistry, called it a draw

**Night Out.** The June issue of *Good Housekeeping* ran an article on what is, apparently, becoming a widespread custom: high-school graduates celebrating the event by staying out all night, "until after breakfast, or after lunch, or until they drop." More disturbing than the graduates' yen to celebrate is the fact that though parents in general are opposed to the idea they seem to be helpless to do something about it. As Father Bernier comments: "The whole affair and its repercussions can be traced back to the inability of parents to say a firm and solid no to these unchaperoned excursions." And J. Edgar Hoover writes: "This report again emphasizes the need of parental guidance for youth . . . after school proms, parents should insist on their youngsters coming home, where they belong."

**Patterns.** In a recent issue of *The Review of Politics* Bernard Morris analyzes Communist strategy in Europe. He reminds us that "to visualize the movement chiefly as a gigantic conspiracy . . . is to miss the point about the role of Communist parties." It cannot be destroyed simply by exposing its subservience to the USSR. Its voting strength is rooted in social and economic conflict: "poverty, lack of opportunity, rigid class lines, a feeling that income is unfairly distributed, the existence of sharp contrasts between wealth and poverty, etc." The success of Communism does not depend simply on elements beyond our control; it depends largely on how we live with our fellow man.

**\$500,000,000.** The Senate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee reported that this is the annual take on books and pamphlets, films, photos, and other items of "outright pornography" that are warping adolescents. No one can afford to shrug his shoulders at this.

**Thinking Parishioners.** We have often wondered why something wasn't done to involve Catholic college graduates and professional men more intimately in parish affairs. It is, for example, pretty hard to get a man with a Ph. D. very excited about Bingo when the real crisis in the world is a crisis in ideas, not whether Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones will be the first to get five across the board. Well, we can stop wondering, for a pastor in Shreveport, La., Father Joseph B. Gremillion, has initiated a program designed to attract and hold thinking parishioners. Called the Collegium, the program sponsors brainstorming lectures, seminars, and discussions at a level high enough to delight the egghead. The entire program is outlined in the June issue of *Social Order* (3908 Westminster Pl., St. Louis 8, Mo.)

**A Catholic for Veep?** There is a strong current of feeling in the Democratic party, says *Look* magazine, in favor of nominating a Catholic for the vice presidency. Prominently mentioned are Mayor Robert F. Wagner of New York, Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, both Catholics in good standing, and Governor Frank Lausche of Ohio, who is involved in an invalid civil marriage to a non-Catholic. All three men have political assets to recommend them for a frankly political job: Wagner is an administrator of demonstrated ability; Kennedy is one of the brightest young political stars on the Democratic horizon; and Lausche is a popular vote getter. And surely no one can object if they get the nomination on the basis of their political abilities. What we do object to—and strenuously—is the idea that Catholicism is negotiable in political currency. A man's religion should not become something to be traded in a political deal anymore than it should be held against him as a liability. Any attempt to make God a political pawn can only redound to the nation's shame.

# SOUTHERN CATHOLICS AND INTEGRATION



*Ann Foley, director of Shreveport Friendship House, and friend: public pressure closed up the doors*

A Special SIGN Report on the reaction of Southern Catholics to racial integration. Here is what Negro and white Catholics feel about it and are doing about it

# IN LOUISIANA: SIGNS OF PROGRESS

The younger and better educated  
Catholics are more favorable to integration  
than the older and less educated



Photo by Gertrude Semuch—Pia

## NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana

Louisiana, the most Catholic state of the South, has more Catholic Negroes than any other state. From pioneer times, the Church has worked to improve Negro education and welfare.

One might not expect integration to be a problem among Catholics here. But it is. For, although Catholic leaders have been champions of racial justice, most Catholics would accept integration only reluctantly.

A Catholic physician, for example, says: "People have a blind adherence to segregation, just as they believe in the Trinity without knowing too much about it. The attitude is emotional, not reasonable. Half the educated Catholics under forty are not bothered by integration, but 90 per cent of the uneducated are against it. Most Catholics would go along with the Archbishop if not pushed too fast, but if they are there may be trouble. Negroes mostly don't want integration for fear their children will be hurt."

"You must be a born Southerner to appreciate the situation," feels a Catholic writer, deeply conversant with the people and history of the state. "Most older Catholics oppose integration, for stories of pillage, burnings, carpet bagger and Negro control in reconstruction days are vivid in their minds. Feeling

is stronger among the Acadians in rural areas, for they suffered worse. Some leading Catholics go to Mass and Communion daily but defy the Church on integration. Most would not do much except that they have been stirred up by agitators."

Louisiana, it should be remembered, was largely settled by French and received from them a heritage of Jansenism, Gallicanism, and anticlericalism that caused repeated defiance of Church rule.

Moreover, fear that integration will lead to social mixing and possibly interracial marriage tinctures white antagonism. This is scotched by a Catholic businessman with a large colored trade: "Most Negroes don't want integration. Negroes do want equal pay for the same work and equal opportunity."

A former NAACP official agrees that Negroes don't want social mixing but says that at heart they want integration and just rights. Talk against integration is merely surface expression to please whites, except for some who face possible disadvantages, such as Negro teachers, concerns catering solely to Negroes, or all-colored unions such as longshoremen.

There are, besides, legal problems. The NAACP was banned this year in Louisiana under a law enacted in 1924

to drive out the Ku Klux Klan through exposure of membership. NAACP refused to submit rolls for fear of reprisal to members.

A state law says white and colored persons may not be housed under the same roof except as domestic servants. Custom has extended this to segregation in many public areas. Another statute denies the right to sue if refused service, as might happen to a Negro in a "white" restaurant. Civic officials, refusing to follow U. S. Supreme Court decrees, carry on a delaying action. The Legislature allocated \$100,000 to fight school integration suits. Laws passed in 1954 place public education under state police power.

Negro police are employed in New Orleans, but government workers, except in Federal agencies, are segregated. Some industries have integrated workers, but labor resents Negro employment.

The brightest spot is youth's attitude. Says an accountant whose parish Parents' Club voted for segregation: "We'll have integration in five years. The kids just don't go for segregation."

Negro education has improved but still lags. Negroes have attended three state colleges and one university, with some demonstrations at the latter. Public schools are crowded. Catholic schools in New Orleans care for two-fifths of the students. No appreciable change in racial attendance pattern would come with integration. As one store clerk put it: "If the Archbishop orders Catholic schools to integrate, some might leave the Church or take their children out of school, but they'd be back. Those who'd leave permanently aren't real Catholics."

Louisiana in the 1950 census had a population of 2,683,516. Of these 1,796,687 were whites; 886,829 were nonwhites, almost all these being Negroes.

The Diocese of Alexandria, the northern half of Louisiana, is strong "Bible-Belt" territory. There are 69,233 Catholics; about 7,000 of these are Negroes. Bishop Charles P. Greco has made no official statement on integration, but he encourages positive work toward it. Sodality activities are integrated; colored priests attend monthly clergy conferences; there are no segregation signs in churches.

Friendship House in Shreveport closed last year after pressure from the public press. The major trend is lay action toward integration, such as Think groups, discussion of race relations at diocesan retreats, etc.

The Diocese of Lafayette, in southwestern Louisiana, has a population mainly French of Acadian descent. In it, there are 256,000 white Catholics and



74,000 Negro Catholics. Churches and schools are segregated.

Diocesan activities are integrated in varying degrees and youth groups have mixed meetings on a diocesan level. The lay majority is on the fence: a core, particularly the younger people, work for better relations.

Under Bishop Jules B. Jeanmard, Negro parishes increased from three in 1918 to thirty-three in 1956, and Negroes in Catholic schools from 1,500 to 7,000. A greater percentage of Negro parishes have Catholic schools than do white ones. There are one Negro diocesan priest and three diocesan seminarians. Negro vocations to religious life have been comparatively high.

Bishop Jeanmard made no public statements on integration, but he acted firmly last November when a woman who had long taught integrated catechism classes in Erath was beaten by two other women. He excommunicated the pair and threatened to close the church if further incidents occurred. They soon sought reconciliation. The Bishop resigned this year because of illness and age and was succeeded by his Auxiliary, Bishop Maurice Schexnayder. No change in diocesan policy was expected.

The Archdiocese of New Orleans has 470,914 white Catholics and 53,335 colored. Students have held integrated meetings on an intercouncil basis for some years. The minor and the major seminary are integrated, the latter at the appeal of white seminarians. A Negro ordained three years ago has served in a mixed parish without objection.

In March 1953, Archbishop Rummel decreed no segregation in parish churches and urged Catholics to lead in justice and charity.

He announced in 1955 that there would be no integration in Catholic schools that fall and appointed a commission to study the issue.

A Negro priest last fall was prevented from saying Mass in a mission church at Jesuit Bend. The Archbishop closed the chapel until the congregation was willing to accept any priest sent there. There has been no submission.

Archbishop Rummel in February condemned racial segregation as morally wrong and sinful.

A group disagreeing with the Archbishop formed an Association of Catholic Laymen to "study the problem of compulsory integration" and related matters. The prelate finally ordered it to cease activities.

Another generation will see a great change in the general Catholic attitude. At present, putting the Church's interracial program into effect is no simple, sure process.

ED HOLMES

Photo by Paul George Schutzer—Jubilee



Memphis' Dr. Hose: "Negroes want more fundamental rights."

## TENNESSEE: MORE INTEGRATION AHEAD

Tennessee's Catholic Negroes want civil rights.

They are not interested in mixing in white society

### MEMPHIS, Tennessee

There is a difference of opinion among Catholic Negroes in Tennessee about integration in parochial schools. But they are agreed on one thing—they want their rights as first class citizens, particularly for the benefit of their children. As for social integration—they are not at all concerned about it, a survey indicates.

About 30,000 Catholics live in Memphis and its county, Shelby. This is more than half the Catholic population of the entire Diocese of Nashville, which takes in all of the State of Tennessee. A full count of the Catholics in the diocese would total 55,000.

Of the 30,000 Catholics in Memphis, 3,000 are Negroes. Not very many, considering that the population of the city (425,000) is around 40 per cent Negro.

But there has been a considerable gain in the number of Negro Catholics, and many feel that if the parochial schools were integrated, a great number of Negroes would come into the Church.

The Memphis parochial schools won't, however, be integrated this September. The Most Rev. William L. Adrian, Bishop of Nashville, stated this definitely in Memphis recently. This decision surprised many, as the parochial schools in Nashville, the state's capital and the home of the Bishop, have already been

successfully integrated. But the Catholic population of Nashville is not nearly so large as that of Memphis and the percentage of Negroes is much smaller.

The Bishop said: "Integration at three parochial schools in Nashville is going very well, but we want to see what the public reaction is before we go ahead in Memphis."

He said the "one big reason" the Church will not integrate this fall is lack of space.

Some priests disagree that there is lack of space for integration. Rev. Joseph E. Leppert, pastor of Little Flower parish, said he has room at his school, and he would like to see Negroes in his school and church, and a stronger effort made to gain Negro converts. Siena College, for girls, also could take more students. It has a number of Latin American students, who would not object to Negro girls. And there is no Catholic college for Negroes in this area. Christian Brothers College also has insufficient students and could accommodate Negro students. It is a boys' prep and four-year college.

The priests of Memphis seem to be about evenly divided on the integration question. Some powerful Catholic laymen oppose integration, and it is known that some pressure has been put on the Bishop to delay it in Memphis. But it

is believed it will finally come in 1957.

There are two Negro parochial schools in Memphis, one in the northern part of the city, in a run-down neighborhood from which most of the parishioners have moved. The school may have to be moved, too, or done away with, because it is in a slum clearance area. The other school is in South Memphis and is flourishing. This is St. Augustine's.

St. Augustine's has 565 students. The first grade is now 100 per cent Catholic. Protestant children, accepted in the past, have had to be turned away because of lack of space. There are 170 students in the high school, of whom 60 per cent are Catholics.

There are 1,137 members of the parish, 86 Catholic families and 107 mixed families. During the ten years Father Capistran Haas, a Franciscan, has been in the parish, there have been

707 Baptisms. Last year, 1955, there were 116 Baptisms of which 44 were converts, the others infants.

St. Augustine's is planning a new \$120,000 high school to alleviate the present crowded condition, and to permit doing away with five shotgun buildings which now house some of the elementary students.

A recent poll of the students at St. Augustine's revealed that 84 per cent would prefer to stay in their own Negro school. Some of the children, however, would like to go to the better equipped white school.

Some integration has already been effected. The Newman Club of Memphis State College, a state white college, meets with St. Augustine's students, and Father Leppert has invited CYO students from St. Augustine's to Little Flower. This move has caused some turmoil among white parishioners of

Little Flower, but Father Leppert sticks to his position.

As has already been mentioned, St. Anthony's, in North Memphis, is a dying parish. There are only 28 students in the high school. The Missionary Sons of the Sacred Heart recently were given charge of it.

They may be able to revitalize the parish. No decision has been made, but if the city goes through with a proposed slum clearance, the church and school will have to be rebuilt elsewhere. Many feel it should move to a neighborhood where there are more Negroes. Negroes may attend white Catholic churches, though few do. But they may not be baptized or married in white churches unless they get permission from their own pastors.

In Little Flower white parish, there are only 50 Negro families and 25 children eligible for parochial school. Other



Photo by Jacques Lore

## IN MISSISSIPPI: RIGID SEGREGATION

**In a highly race-conscious state, the Church  
moves quietly to create a healthy Catholic community**

### JACKSON, Mississippi

Racial segregation as it affects the Church in Mississippi is a condition which Catholic clergy and laity—both white and Negro—realize cannot be changed for years to come.

Both sides, the whites and the Negroes, apparently are not prepared to take the consequences of all-out integration, and they seem to think it would

be of doubtful benefit to either race.

Catholics in Mississippi, perhaps the most race-conscious and rigidly segregated state in the nation, find themselves faced on all sides with the sensitive segregation issue. In a way, segregation has become almost a religion in the public life of Mississippi.

Should the Church do other than tolerate segregation, it unquestionably

would be tossed into a struggle with state authorities who are dedicated to maintaining "status quo" segregation, particularly in the schools.

This presumably is the over-riding reason for absence of a strong public policy by the Catholic hierarchy in Mississippi which has chosen to put into effect quietly the teachings of the Church and create a healthy Catholic community for both whites and Negroes behind an exterior of segregation.

There is no way, however, to overlook the resistance to desegregation which exists within the Catholic population itself. For a wide range of reasons, the white laity is far from ready to accept mingling with the Negro at all points of contact in Catholic life.

And from the Negroes' viewpoint, although all resent the element of force which exists in segregation, many still show a definite preference to remain segregated.

There is absolute segregation in the diocesan school system and no indication that the hierarchy now plans any move to change the system.

Why? As one high Catholic official said, "There may be many reasons, but the first one is a very good one—the local authorities wouldn't permit it."

There are Negro Catholic schools located in every area where there are any Negro Catholics. In fact, schools have been located in the past in some areas before there were any Negro Catholics.

"Every Negro Catholic in Mississippi can get a Catholic education from the first through the twelfth grades, while every white Catholic can't do the same," observed a high Catholic official.

The Catholic Negro admittedly

white parishes have more, but a stronger effort to get converts, plus integrated schools, would, in the opinion of many, bring more Negroes into the Church.

Dr. J. W. Hose, Negro physician who has brought many converts into the Church, is a lay leader at St. Augustine's. He says, "Negroes should gain more of their fundamental rights, but we are not interested in social equality. Things will all work out."

Lt. George W. Lee, a hero of World War I, who is an insurance company executive (Atlanta Life), a prominent Negro Republican leader, a noted author, an accomplished orator, and Grand Commissioner of Education for the Negro Elks, has a daughter, who is Catholic, though he is Protestant.

Lt. Lee says all the talk of social equality doesn't "amount to a hill of beans. If we had complete Catholic school integration, many Negroes would

come into the Catholic Church. Not because of desire to mix, but rather on the question of denial of rights. The tag of inferiority has been put on us. We have got to fight until we are no longer marked off as less entitled to full privileges than any other American group."

Sam McNulty, Negro waiter at swank Hotel Peabody, member of a Legion of Mary group which Father Leppert organized for Negroes in Little Flower white parish, is the father of two children, one at St. Anthony's, one at Tennessee State College in Nashville.

McAnulty said: "So far as social equality is concerned, it is out of the question. Neither race has it. But we are trying to make a place for our children. We think the schools should be integrated. We would get more colored Catholics."

A Negro undertaker, Sam Qualls, Sr., a leader at St. Augustine's, was disturbed because the city refused a zoning varia-

tion which would have permitted a good Negro housing subdivision near St. Augustine's. Qualls would like to see Negroes given more rights, thinks St. Augustine's will be all right as a school for Negroes with a new high school.

Negroes want their rights as citizens. They seem, for the most part, to be content to remain socially with their own, but are weary of being second class citizens in use of city facilities which they help support, and of being "pushed around" on buses.

But they do vote here, and conditions have improved greatly, and likely will continue to improve, though the Supreme Court decisions have resurrected Klan-type groups such as the Pro-Southerners, who are fighting integration hard. How and where all this will end, few are willing to predict.

CLARK PORTEOUS

doesn't feel segregation when it comes to divine worship, because he knows the doors of every Catholic church, whether it is set aside for whites or Negroes, is open to him and the Church will back him up.

Negroes have for years gone to Mass in white Catholic churches in Jackson, in towns along the Gulf Coast, and in isolated other instances. They have been few in number, however. Conversely, whites have come in larger numbers to Mass in Negro churches in many sections of the state.

Bishop Richard Oliver Gerow, a tall, erect seventy-one-year-old who is spiritual leader of the state's 59,000 Catholics, has avoided public statements which would toss the Church into the heat of the state's segregation controversy.

But in his soft-spoken, firm manner, he has made it clear that none of the 6,000 Negro Catholics in his flock will be rejected or ill-treated if he attempts to worship in a white church.

When reports reached him that Negroes had been turned away from several churches, Bishop Gerow emphatically told priests around the diocese that he would close any church and move the priest if it rejected a Negro who tried to enter.

In other areas of religious life, the Bishop has set down ground rules that Negroes are not to be arbitrarily shut out.

When a parish in South-Central Mississippi recently organized a Holy Name rally and began inviting other parishes to send delegates, the Bishop stepped in and said that delegates from Negro parishes must be invited or there would be no rally.

What would be the reaction of the white Catholics if the Church hierarchy in the state suddenly ordered an end to segregation throughout Catholic schools and elsewhere in Catholic life?

"You can see what kind of reaction such a move got in New Orleans," declared one prominent Catholic layman. "From that you can get an idea how bad it would be here."

He estimated that more than 50 per cent of the white Catholic parents would take their children out of Catholic schools if they were integrated.

This opinion was shared by some but not all the members of the clergy who were asked for their opinions.

Cast in a minority role, the Catholic Church in Mississippi has always felt the opposition and suspicion, however subtle, of the predominantly Protestant community. This feeling is now stronger than ever.

In the anti-integration hysteria which has swept over the state since the May, 1953, Supreme Court decision on public school segregation, the teachings of the Church with regard to equality of the races has become a subject of increasing public interest.

This has been particularly true since the appearance of full newspaper accounts of the declarations made on the segregation issue by Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel in the neighboring state of Louisiana.

Some have automatically drawn the conclusion that since Archbishop Rummel has warned that segregation is on the way out in his archdiocese, then Mississippi must follow suit.

On this premise, a group of state legislators recently proposed a bill which

they admitted was "aimed at the Catholic Church," to cut off historic tax exemptions for any religious group which permitted any of its facilities to be used on a nonsegregated basis. The bill died because the governor indicated he would veto it if it passed.

Bishop Gerow, who has seen the Church grow from 31,000 Catholics when he was consecrated in 1924 to double that number, recognizes that the sensitive race issue is a virtual powder-keg. He believes that strong statements cannot solve anything and may destroy years of painstaking work.

He has not been without advice from some of the clergy to take a more aggressive stand in bringing segregation to an end within his diocese. This advice, however, has come mainly from priests in areas of the state which have fewer Negroes in proportion to the white population and feel less of the ordinary Mississippi race tensions.

But most priests, including a majority of the twenty-three priests who work among Negroes, have counseled the Bishop to continue a conservative course "in order to achieve the greater good."

A Negro Catholic couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Collum, Jackson, said they felt that "if force were taken out of segregation, we don't think the situation would change radically."

"I don't think any Negro Catholic wants to push himself where he isn't wanted. He wants it to come from people's hearts . . . it can't be legislated," declared Mrs. Collum, a schoolteacher. "It's bad for any Catholic not to want other people to have the same rights as he has."

WILSON MINOR





Photo by Jacques Leno

# GEORGIA: CATHOLICS MUST GO CAREFULLY

**Segregation is the accepted pattern. And the general trend is not "change" but "wait and see"**

ATLANTA, Georgia

Segregation is the accepted pattern of everyday life in Georgia. And much of the state's Catholic population has given little or no consideration to any change in the status quo.

There is much firm opinion in favor of, and in opposition to, continued segregation on the personal level. But many white Catholics seem to feel they will not soon be called upon to make a choice between things as they are today and complete integration of Negro Catholics.

Georgia Catholics are deluged daily with strong talk from political leaders. Georgia's Governor Marvin Griffin has urged no surrender to integration in any form, opposing even bi-racial discussion groups. The State's law books are heavy with recently enacted measures designed to maintain the color line, now drawn rigidly through every aspect of life.

The State Legislature, in efforts to assure continuation of the traditional pattern of segregation, has arranged for the abolition of the public school system, should a Federal Court order Negro students admitted to a white school. Laws provide for the dismissal of any teacher offering to instruct mixed classes. The State Attorney General has even suggested that the death penalty might

be appropriate for any local law enforcement officer who would aid U. S. Marshals in carrying out any Federal Court decree outlawing segregation.

Georgia's more than 3,500,000 people, in the vast majority, favor a continuation of segregation.

Against this backdrop, the Church has proceeded cautiously.

A majority of Catholics interviewed are opposed to any change. A few believe segregation is morally and spiritually wrong, but that public opinion would make any effort to end it a most difficult task. Some Catholics are simply awaiting Church guidance.

Over and over again, however, an interviewer is met with this idea: "But the question has never really come up." The reference is to the Church itself,

the parochial schools, and allied church-groups. Most people interviewed felt that the issue of segregation vs. integration would not need to be met within the Catholic Church in Georgia for "some time to come." A number of persons questioned in a spot-check felt the color line could be completely erased in Catholic schools, hospitals, and orphanages, but there were estimates of "ten years" and "twenty-five years" for achievement of this goal.

The clergy discusses the subject cautiously, terms the whole topic "explosive" and the position of the Church "most delicate."

This is the current situation:

There is no segregation, as a matter of policy, within the churches. Negroes attend services, and there are no designated seats for them, as there are in public buses, railroad stations, etc.

Catholics in Georgia maintain separate white and Negro parochial schools. In four recently completed Georgia Catholic hospitals there are facilities for treatment of Negroes, but the patients are segregated. There are separate white and Negro orphanages.

Negro Catholics, naturally, want all forms of segregation ended. But they are not trying to force the issue. Catholic Negro leaders, like white leaders, are

convinced that progress in this direction will be slow. Meanwhile, Negroes are working untiringly to better conditions in geographically segregated parishes. New schools—segregated schools—are in the planning stage.

An Atlanta insurance executive, currently devoting much of his free time to a diocesan fund-raising campaign, said he is not in favor of integration. "I believe everyone should follow the state law," he said, "including the Bishop."

A mother of seven children, who formerly lived in Ohio: "We think like the native Southern people do," she said, "I do not favor mixing." She added: "I'm not prejudiced. I'm not saying we're a superior race. But I just don't think mixing would be good. I'll tell you what I'm afraid of—I'm afraid of intermarriage."

A lay leader in another parish thinks things are all right as they are now. "We're trying to get another Catholic school here now; I think they should go to it. But if the time comes—and I hope we don't have a ruling like they had in Louisiana—I believe I feel like most Catholics do—I'll do whatever the Church tells me to do."

Integration is inevitable, he believes, and it can be accomplished completely within the Church "in the next ten years, if they do not try to ram it down our throats. It will take education, in the schools and in the homes."

A priest in a Negro parish said Atlanta Catholics do not feel as strongly about the possibility of integration as do Catholics in other parts of the state. He described Atlanta as "a kind of oasis, a less-sensitive area" where the question "hasn't hit home yet."

He summed up the problem: "Many Catholics don't appraise it from a religious point of view. . . . It's difficult to go contrary to state laws. . . . Negroes are hoping for complete integration, but the amount of interest varies. The educated Negroes are conscious of the injustice of segregation, but an awful lot of Negroes do not give it very much thought."

A Negro woman leader observed that "surprisingly enough, there has not been too much discussion of the Church and integration. Perhaps people are just comfortable. There were some rather strong feelings about hospitalization, the reaction was pretty keen to talk of building a separate Negro hospital. People pointed out that even in Jackson, Miss., Negroes can be treated under the same roof, if not on the same floor."

She believes integration in parochial schools "is literally impossible, because the schools are just so crowded. There

(Continued on page 70)

# APOSTLE IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE



Photos by Don Coleman

*John Quincy Adams: Industry Councils, the way to industrial democracy*

**For a businessman, Jack Adams seems to have "peculiar" ideas; Actually, his ideas are no more peculiar than the social teachings of the Church**

by RAY NEVILLE

WHEN SOME YEARS ago a midwestern corporation head defied a government order favorable to the union with which he was feuding, he received a stack of congratulatory telegrams from organizations of businessmen all over the country.

One such organization, New York City's influential Board of Trade, sent no wire, proffered no congratulations. A move to do so at a conclave of the Board Directors was resisted by an enterprising young man carrying the hard-to-forget name of John Quincy Adams.

"I don't feel," Adams contended,

"that we ought to approve of any business executive who condemns the union movement on principle and who fails to see that labor and management must and can iron out their differences in friendly discussions enlightened by concern for the public good."

After Adams' arguments had carried the day, one of his fellow directors tossed him a testy comment.

"One thing is certain, Jack," he said. "For a businessman you have some peculiar ideas."

Actually, Jack Adams' ideas are neither more nor less "peculiar" than the social teachings of the Church.

For twenty-three years these teachings have been his guide. As president of the Manhattan Refrigerating Company of New York, he has followed them in his relations with his own 263 employees. As a chip off the old block—his father before him was an apostle of social reconstruction along Christian lines—he has pleaded for social justice in a hundred speeches, founded or worked in a dozen organizations dedicated to such aims and, in the words of a business associate, played the peacemaker "in more labor-management wrangles than one could shake an injunction at."

Cornered in his office and urged to

spell out his social creed, Jack Adams looks far away and mournful.

"Boy, that's an order," he says. "Where labor-management relations are concerned, great strides have been made in recent years. There are profit-sharing schemes in some twenty thousand American companies. In hundreds of companies employer and employee are consistently solving their difficulties, not on the picket line but at the council table. However—!"

Jack Adams hoists himself to his feet. He is not a man who goes in for repose, as evidenced by the fact that his six-foot frame totes a skimpy 162 pounds. At his Montclair, New Jersey, home, fifty-two-year-old Adams hops out of bed at a quarter of five every morning. Hastening across the Hudson River, he attends Mass at a Spanish church on Fourteenth Street and eats breakfast at a Kosher restaurant on nearby Washington.

Seven-thirty finds him at the desk of his office overlooking the Hudson River docks in the clangorous Gansevoort Wholesale Meat and Poultry Market. There he begins a day that, in addition to his chores as top-kick of a two-and-a-half-million-dollar-a-year business, may include a consultation on industry problems with the Mayor of New York, another perhaps with some federal official, attendance at a meeting or two, and on rare occasions time out to cope with the probings of a nosey reporter.

He pursues this reporter's questions with farsighted eyes. "So much for the silver lining," he says. "Let's examine the cloud. No one could say that American industrial relations are all syrup and gingerbread. Some employers still fail to recognize their responsibilities to labor and the public. Ditto for some labor leaders, who have similar obligations to management and consumer.

"A few years ago," Adams goes on, "labor was the more skittish, often eying with suspicion co-operative gestures by management. Today, generally speaking, it's management that's playing hard to get.

"What's the answer? Well, jamming it into a nutshell, I'd say that the way to industrial democracy in this country is a wider and more profound use of the Industry Council Plan."

At this late date the words Industry Council Plan are embedded in practically every Catholic vocabulary although, as Jack Adams sadly remarks, "they are not yet embedded in every Catholic heart." ICP (Industry Council Plan) is the American term for a series of social recommendations first set forth by Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno* and stressed by the present Holy Father in

a score of Papal pronouncements.

ICP rejects the "class warfare" theory perpetuated by socialism and accepted as more or less inevitable by old-style *laissez faire* capitalism. It contends that in spite of certain obvious special differences, labor and management are linked by an overwhelming "mutuality of interests," not the least of which is their common stake in the well-being of society as a whole. ICP, in short, envisages a society organized along industry lines, with all members of each industry, trade or profession—employers and employees alike—working together in support of mutual aims.

In the famous phrase of Pope Pius XII, "labor and management sup . . . at the same table." It follows that, sitting down at the same table, they can dispose of points of difference in mature and democratic discussion.

Industry councils are no light shining off there in the wide blue yonder. In this country and abroad many plans somewhat similar to the council idea are operating with great practical success and have been for the last seventy-five years. There are even a number of community councils such as the "Stamford Plan" in Stamford, Conn., where at regular intervals bona fide representatives of the local industries, the local unions, and the city government meet and consider problems and plans of concern to all the citizens. More commonly, we have labor-management councils in individual plants. These can serve to build up the spirit of co-operation needed for real industry-wide councils.

In the commercial world, labor-management councils function under a variety of names. The 35-year-old setup at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is known as The Co-operative; the one at the Carrier Corporation in Syracuse, N. Y., as the Carrier Cabinet; the one at Pitney-Bowes, a big metering-machine plant at Stamford, as the Council of Personnel Relations. In most commercial enterprises, the council is spoken of simply as the labor-management committee.

A real industry council serves the units of an industry within a certain region—all the steel plants of a community, for instance, or all the supermarkets. Ideally, a council consists of three elements: representatives of top management, of labor, and of the public. In this country, public members are few and far between, "a sad omission," in Jack Adams' opinion, "because the public member can serve a useful purpose when it comes to decisions likely to affect the consumer's purchasing power." There are ways, for example, by which wages can be increased with-

out price increases. A major job of a public member is to see to it that such ways are utilized.

Even though we do not have real industry councils, what are the advantages of labor-management councils as first steps toward industry councils? Jack Adams steps up to this query with relish. "Many," he replies. Three, he believes, are of prime importance:

1. *These labor-management councils take the steam out of contract negotiations.* Everyone knows what happens at any company when collective bargaining time comes around. The union representatives present their demands and grievances. Management reveals how much it can do about them. Sometimes agreement is reached, a contract is signed, and all is well.

Sometimes not. Union presents, let us say, four demands. Call them A, B, C, and D. Agreement is reached on the first three, but the two parties come a'cropper over Demand D, possibly the least important of the lot, and the sessions end not with a contract but with a strike.

Given a labor-management council, this is unlikely to occur. Collective bargaining takes place only once a year when all the demands and grievances that have accumulated over the months must be considered in an atmosphere of haste and tension. A labor-management council convenes at least once a month. Demands and grievances can be brought up as they arise for relaxed discussion.

Demand D, for example, can be presented midway of the year. Since no immediate decision is called for, there is plenty of time for the objections to it to be presented by management and studied by union. By the time collective bargaining day rolls around, Demand D and other stumbling blocks to a satisfactory agreement have been cleared out of the way.

Some years ago at the Rogers Corporation, a company making electrical insulation and plastics materials in Rogers, Conn., the annual contract was signed months ahead of time. Why? "Because," Saul M. Silverstein, the company president, explained, "we have a labor-management committee and this year, in the course of our monthly meetings, we just naturally ran out of things to argue about."

2. *A labor-management council keeps open the lines of communication between management and labor.* It is an axiom among enlightened businessmen that a good worker is a well-informed worker: the worker who knows his company's policies, plans, and problems; who knows that what happens in the Front Office happens to him, that it



is a waste of time to make heavy demands when sales are low and inventories high, and that he has as much to gain as the boss from keeping costs down and production up.

A labor-management council serves as a clearing house for just such information. At one large western factory, the company directors hold their monthly meeting on the first Tuesday. The labor-management council convenes on the second. At the labor-management council meeting the minutes of the directors' meeting are read. The minutes of the council meeting are mimeographed and placed on plant bulletin

**In the deep freeze business, a man with some really hot ideas**



boards so that every employee can know what's going on. In this way emotion and rumor, the breeding grounds of industrial strife, are replaced by common sense and cold fact.

When Cloud Wampler became president of the Carrier Corporation in 1941, he found company and union in the toils of a knock-down-and-drag-out. The union claimed that cost of living had risen 35 per cent and that wages should be correspondingly upped. Management contended the living-cost rise was only 5.6 per cent.

When things reached a crisis with a strike in the offing, Wampler stepped in with a "plague on both your houses." He said labor's figure was absurdly high, management's absurdly low. He suggested appointing a committee to get the facts.

The committee consisted of three persons, a union man, a company man, and a public member appointed by the Chancellor of Syracuse University. In a careful survey the committee found that living costs had gone up 14.8 per cent. The company granted a 19 per cent wage hike, and Carrier has been free of labor trouble ever since.

In 1947, Jack Adams installed a council in his Manhattan Refrigerating company. In 1952, its activities were suspended for reasons which Jack characterizes as "hard to believe." Some of his competitors complained. "When I asked them why," Jack says, "they muttered something about not liking the fact that we had something they didn't have. I'm happy to say that these misunderstandings are cleared up now and that our council will resume meetings in the near future."

The Manhattan Refrigerating council met once a month. It consisted of two union representatives, two management representatives, a representative of the company treasurer, and a representative of the general manager.

At an early session, management pointed out that several competitors had mechanized materials-handling in their warehouses and proposed that Manhattan Refrigerating do the same. The union men shook their heads. Such a change, they feared, would mean loss of jobs.

The problem was discussed at several sessions and then dropped. A year and a half later, the union men brought it up again. They had observed that Manhattan Refrigerating was losing orders because of its failure to mechanize. They urged that it do so at once.

It is not only problems of this magnitude that a council can handle. It can also halt those trifling bonfires that have a way of becoming conflagrations. Before the labor-management committee

at Armco Steel Corporation at one time came a complaint dealing with the size of the pieces of pie being served at the plant cafeteria. The complaint was not that the slices were too small. They were not uniform. Solution: the company had a template made and presented it to the cafeteria chefs.

3. *These plans can lead to full-fledged industry councils and thus serve as a deterrent to statism.* As Jack Adams sees it, "there are times in our kind of society when the government has to step in. It has to step in whenever private interests, business and labor leaders, either can't or won't fulfill their responsibilities to one another and to the public. That's where ICP comes in. It provides a neutral meeting ground where labor and management can explore their responsibilities and seek ways of meeting them. The whole idea of ICP is to narrow down the area in which government intervention is necessary."

Example—congressional investigations. "I mean," Adams explains, "investigations aimed at producing laws relevant to business procedure. At present, the investigating committee has to hear a union spokesman so as to get labor's slant on the proposed legislation; then it has to hear management's spokesman to get the employers' view. Under the industrial council plan, labor and management could thrash out the matter between themselves and send a spokesman to Washington bearing their mutually-agreed-on point of view.

"When that day comes, I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts, American business will have far less restrictive and far fewer regulatory laws to cope with."

When that day comes! Jack Adams smiles when asked to name a date. "Oh," he says, "I daresay ICP will catch on about 1960. That is, if enough of us keep fighting for it."

Jack has been fighting since 1933. No doubt every man can remember a crucial year in his life. The downbeat depression year of 1933 was Jack's.

He had been graduated from Notre Dame in 1926. For several years, he had whitewashed walls, cleaned boiler tubes, fumigated food storage rooms, scrubbed floors, and otherwise served his apprenticeship at Manhattan Refrigerating, then presided over by his father, Thomas Albeus Adams, and his older brother, Thomas, Jr.

By 1933, he had moved "upstairs"—and that year many things happened. For one, his father suffered a serious illness and had to spend a good deal of time at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, leaving the company in the hands of Jack and his brother.

Jack can remember going up to Bos-

ton with his brother. He can remember the two of them sitting at their father's bedside, and he can remember a remark their father made.

"Boys," he said, "I know your toughest job these days is coping with the new business laws the New Deal is handing out. All right, I have a suggestion. Examine each new law and make certain it doesn't ask you to do anything contrary to your religious beliefs. If it's morally okay, go along with it!"

So Jack and his brother went along, only there were times when Jack wondered why. "My economic notions were pretty confused at the time," is the way he recalls it. Then one day, he received another suggestion—this time from his brother.

Tom Adams was always a devout man. How devout is indicated by the fact that after becoming president of Manhattan many years before the death of the senior Adams in 1910, and after holding the job for two decades, he left the business world and entered the order of the Capuchin Franciscan Fathers. In 1950, at the age of 50, he was ordained and is now pastor of St. Charles Borromeo church in St. Louis, Mo. His name in religion is Father Joseph.

One day in 1933, the future Father Joseph handed his brother not only a suggestion but a missal. "How about coming along to Mass with me this morning, Jack?" he said. "Do that every day for two years—and follow the Missal at every Mass—and I promise you, you'll be able to figure things out."

Jack did it, and as his brother had predicted, in time he had no trouble figuring things out.

"The Missal we were using then," he recalls, "was the Father Lasance Missal of 1927. It contained an extract of one Papal encyclical and references to others."

"I read the extract in the Missal and, curious, looked up the references and read those. I was delighted; I had a feeling like—well, like whoever it was stood on a peak in Darien. Suddenly a whole world of rich, new thought opened before me."

Having sampled some of the encyclicals dealing with religion, Jack moved on hungrily to others. Soon he stumbled onto *Rerum Novarum*, then *Quadragesimo Anno*, then the searching explorations of the social question by Pope Pius XII. "And boy," he exclaims, "what a difference it made!"

He expresses the difference tellingly. "In 1933," he says, "I realized that all my life I had merely co-operated with the Church. Now, for the first time, I was in tune with the mind of the Church!"

Whereupon Jack Adams became an

apostle for better labor-management relations.

He founded the Catholic Institute of the Food Industry, a group dedicated to such aims in his own field, which with its four-billion-dollar investment is the largest single industry in the world's largest city.

He founded the Co-ordinating Committee of the Food Industries at the Port of New York, the parent body of which his father had established.

He became chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee of the Essex County (New Jersey) Federation of Holy Name Societies; life member of the Industry Council Association; vice president of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference; and a charter member of the recently formed Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order, an all-faiths organization headquartered in Washington, D. C.

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• The neurotic is one who builds castles in the air. The psychotic is one who lives in them. The psychiatrist is one who collects the rent.  
—*Jersey Journal*

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In the late 1930's, he was asked by the Knights of Columbus and the Chamber of Commerce to address a mammoth workers meeting in Wilmington, Del., where Communists had taken control of key unions.

Knowing that the Communist Party would have its stooges planted in all sections of the hall, he took a leaf from the handbook used by the cub scout pack he leads in his home town. Early one morning he disappeared into the dingy halls of the Communist Workers' School on Manhattan's East Thirteenth street. Eight hours later he emerged, dazed but enlightened—fully prepared to meet the loaded questions that he assumed would come, and that did come, during the question hour following his Wilmington address.

In 1948, he received the first *Quadragesimo Anno* medal awarded by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists for outstanding work in the field of labor-management relations.

Over the years he has worked closely and personally with many great social thinkers, including the late Monsignor John A. Ryan of Catholic University of America; Father John F. Cronin; Walter H. Wheeler, Jr., president of Pitney-Bowes; Archbishop John Francis O'Hara of Philadelphia; James T. Murray, president of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York; and Jacques

Maritain, the renowned French philosopher.

In 1937, Jack raided the French, music, and history departments of the Benedictine Academy in Paterson, N. J., marrying its prettiest red-head, Miss Kathryn Genevieve McManus, formerly of the Bronx, N. Y. Jack and Kathryn are the parents of Kathie Anne, 12, and John Quincy, 9.

Asked how he comes by the historic name of Adams, the president of Manhattan Refrigerating has to chuckle. He is no relation to any other president named Adams, as far as he has been able to discover.

"It seems," he says, "that the fore-runner of the other Adams family and my great-grandfather both left the same English county in about the same year in the early eighteenth century—and for the same reason: religious persecution. The other Adams headed straight for America. Grandpa made a slight detour to Ireland before crossing the pond to settle down as a farmer in upstate New York."

Like most busy men, Jack Adams finds plenty of time for nonbusiness (and non-social justice) hobbies, notably the study of wild life and astronomy. For years he lectured to youngsters at New York's Museum of Natural History where he was billed as "the amateur astronomer."

On weekends now he takes his own youngsters or his cub scout pack, "or both of them," he says, "into the woods. For my money you can't introduce a kid too soon or too often to nature. Once he sees at first hand what a wonderful world this is, he's unlikely to ever make the mistake of thinking it all came from Santa Claus. Why only the other Saturday, but . . . excuse me, please!"

The phone has rung. According to Jack's attractive secretary, the call is for him. "It's the foreman on the downstairs floor, Mr. Adams. About staggering the hours of the men, you know."

"Oh yes." Jack Adams grabs the instrument on his desk. "Business as usual during discussions of social justice," he grins at your reporter. Then into the phone:

"Yes? . . . What? . . . When? . . . Okay, if you think it's all right, you go ahead. Just remember our problem. A customer can come late to pick up a few boxes. If he's shut out, well—there's an account killed right away . . . Annex? There's the word. Try it first at the Annex . . . Wonderful idea. . . . You have cleared it with the shop steward and everybody else, eh? . . . Good! I'm proud of you. Very pleased! Very grateful! Very delighted!"



## The Cry of Quiet Desperation

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

THE mass of men lead lives of "quiet desperation," wrote Thoreau. More than all else what makes humanity the victim of this gentle anguish is loneliness. We feel we are alone, we are isolated, we do not belong. The man who stands alone, who lives in isolation and does not belong, this man is a man of fears and he is unhappy. He tries to escape from his loneliness and his fears, but he tries in vain. At the end of every path down which he flees is the disquieting realization that loneliness lies across the soul of man with the vigor of fresh decay.

Loneliness is a universal experience. Women, however, seem to be more sensitive to its presence. There is good reason for this. Women tend to be more concerned with persons than men are. A woman's approach to life is more personal and more intimate in contrast to the rather matter-of-fact and noncommittal manner of the male. This more personal attitude has some basis in her ancient physical origin. Man was created from a thing, an inanimate creature, dust. But the origin of woman was more noble. She was created, not from dust, but out of the very person of Adam, from his rib.

Women manifest their interest in persons in a number of ways. One of the reasons women talk more than men is that conversation is a reaching out to persons.

A woman may ask herself, "Why am I lonely? I live in the midst of people whom I love and who return that love. Why this gnawing in my heart?"

A lonely person is one who cannot love to the fullness of her capacity. Insofar as she cannot love, she cannot give herself completely to others. And, in turn, because she cannot give herself to others, she cannot attain that union with other persons for which she craves. Without this union with persons she feels an emptiness; she feels isolated, lonely.

A lonely person may attempt to fill the void with things. She thinks, "If

only we had a cottage on the lake, then I would no longer be lonely." Or perhaps her aspirations are more modest. "If only I could get the kitchen redecorated. . . ." She gets both the cottage and a redecorated kitchen. For a day or two, perhaps a week, her attention is diverted from her loneliness. But shortly the old pain is back. Though she may try repeatedly to fill her emptiness with things, she only succeeds in bruising herself. Ultimately things never satisfy. The void is too big. And things, whatever their size or worth, are too small. Only another person can fill that emptiness which cries out to be filled.

But if another person can take away loneliness, why is a woman with home and children still lonely? She is surrounded with loving, devoted persons. We will suppose that in this case she has a husband who is as devoted as a man can be—in passing it can be said that men who neglect their wives are no rarity—and that her children are appreciative. For the sake of the example we will also suppose that she willingly and lovingly fulfills her marital duties, that she gives herself generously to her children and friends. With all the love she gives and receives, this woman is still lonely. Loneliness is still the companion of her days. In sleep it walks beside her through her dreams. Is there something wrong with her?

Very likely not. It is true, loneliness can be taken away only by a person. But in this life we cannot love to the fullness of our capacity, we cannot give ourselves to another person in a complete and final way. That ultimate intimacy, that radical union, that definitive giving by which we possess another person and are possessed by him—this can never be attained in this life. Not in the purest friendship, not even in the oneness of marriage can woman (or man) attain that degree of belonging.

Are we, men and women, condemned to loneliness? We are. The person who can truthfully say, "I am not lonely," does not exist. The saint, too, is lonely.

But she is less lonely than we. The loneliness of the saint is less because her union with the Perfect Persons, the Blessed Trinity, is more complete than is ours. The saint's union with her husband, her employer, her brother is also more complete. The love which unites her to God also unites her to those people. And for this reason too she is less lonely than we.

There are certain inevitabilities, death, pain, sorrow, which only the fool refuses to acknowledge. Loneliness belongs to these inevitabilities. Facing the fact that loneliness has been woven into the fabric of our existence somehow dulls the pain. And no one bears the burden of loneliness alone. The comedienne who laughs her way to fortune, the nun who each morning faces a schoolroom full of clean faces and dirty fingernails, the single girl who types for her bread, the mother of eight children whose life approximates perpetual motion, all bear, to a greater or lesser degree, the burden of loneliness.

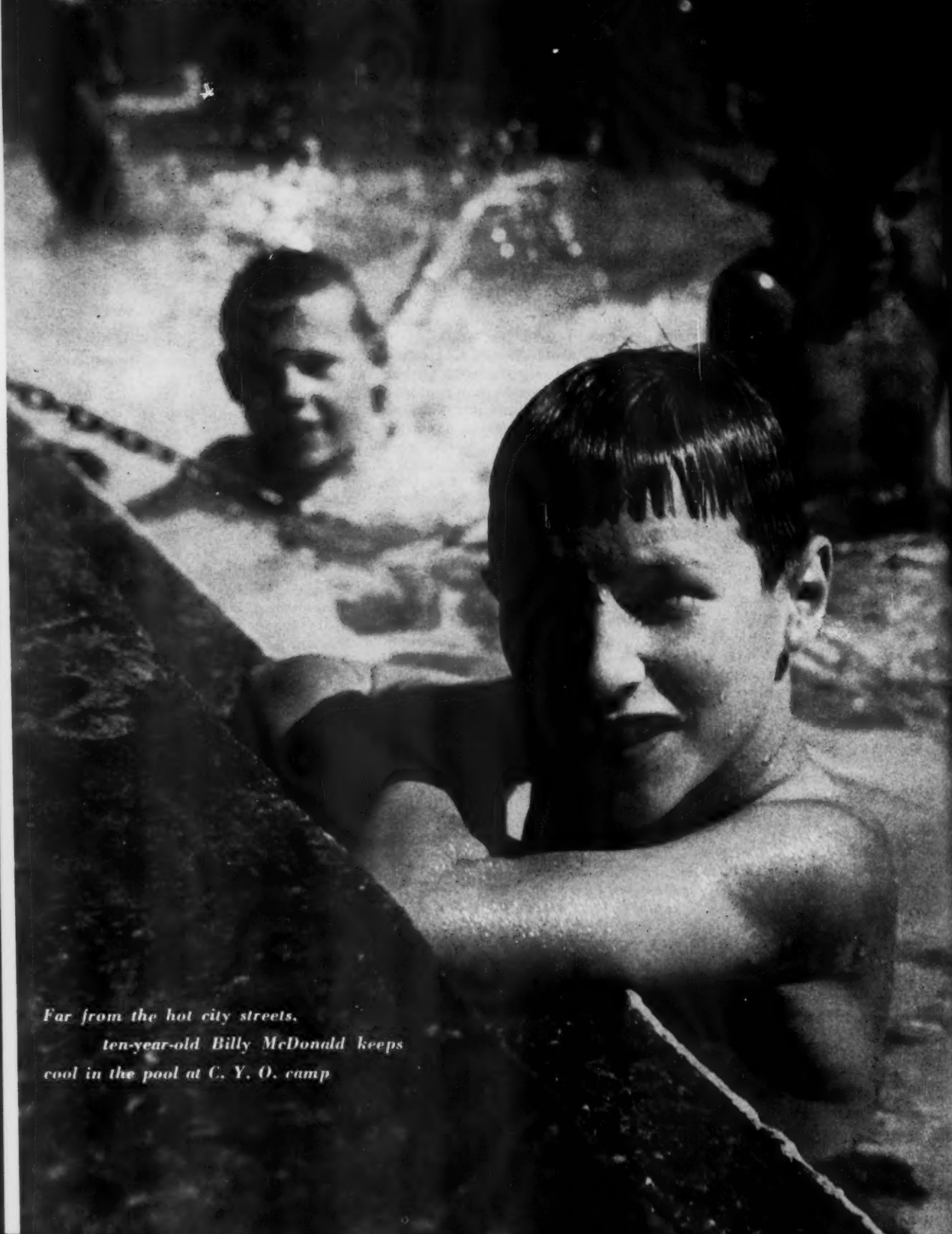
THIS is not as unfortunate as it may seem. Woman is led to God by loneliness. God has always drawn woman to Him by what He is: Love, Happiness, Security, Eternal Joy. God also draws woman to Him by what woman does not have, by her wants and needs and misery—most of all by her loneliness. She, above all, needs fulfillment in a person. Only by perfect union with a person or persons can the muted cry of loneliness be stilled. If she gives herself to the Persons of the Trinity, and to her fellow men, especially to her husband and children, she will be less lonely. But she will have to wait for heaven in order to love to the fullness of her capacity. When union with God, the angels, and saints is complete and perfect, then she will find fulfillment.

God alone can attain and claim that inaccessible island of sorrow we call loneliness. The cry of quiet desperation is heard no more only where God is immediately possessed—in heaven.

## A SIGN PICTURE STORY

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*Photographs by Jacques Lowé*



*Far from the hot city streets,  
ten-year-old Billy McDonald keeps  
cool in the pool at C. Y. O. camp*



# Billy Goes to Camp



*Doctor checks Billy before trip to camp*

Billy McDonald, a ten-year-old denizen of the streets around St. Elizabeth's parish in New York's Washington Heights district, is a city boy who doesn't like the city. Admittedly a recent convert to that idea, Billy can blame his change of heart on a two-week stay at the Putnam Valley, New York, camp operated by the New York Archdiocesan Catholic Youth Organization. There, Billy discovered what he calls with capital letter emphasis—"Adventure." And, after all, what better small boy reason is there for leaving the adherents of Robert Moses to join the disciples of Henry David Thoreau, et al? "The city," as Billy says, "cramps my style."

At camp, Billy found ample opportunity to express his "style"—ball games of every variety from baseball, football, basketball, and volleyball, yessir, right down to a thing called featherball. Swimming, hiking, fishing, boxing, and such unscheduled activities as catching frogs and playing with salamanders helped round out Billy's day. Best of all were Billy's new found friends. In the inter-racial camp, Billy's best pal turned out to be a little Negro boy from Harlem. Arriving home after his two-week vacation, Billy was greeted with a question: Didn't he get just a little homesick? Billy had one word for that. "Nopel!"



*Harried mothers bid boys a tearful good-by in drizzling rain*

## Billy Goes to Camp



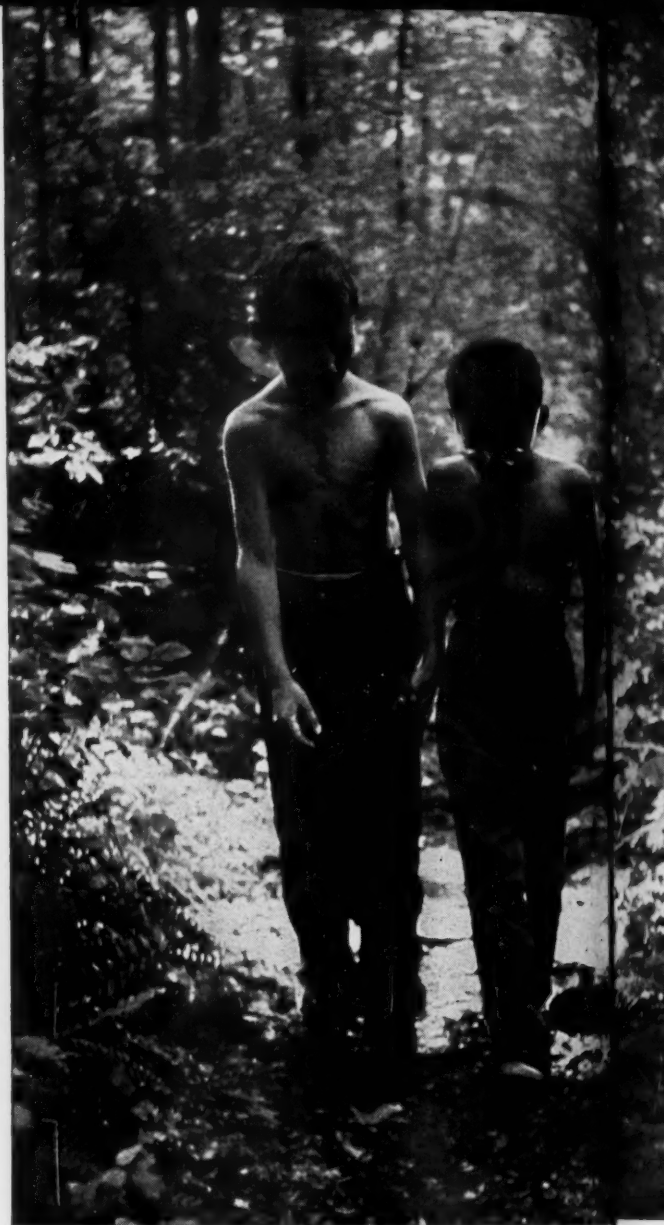
Day at camp begins with raising of colors and pledge of allegiance



Daily Mass fills campers spiritual needs. Twice a week boys also attended class in religious instruction



After Mass and breakfast, boys returned to their cabins to make beds, pass inspection



Camp was also a place to make new friends. Billy's best pal was a Negro boy with whom he explored the woods

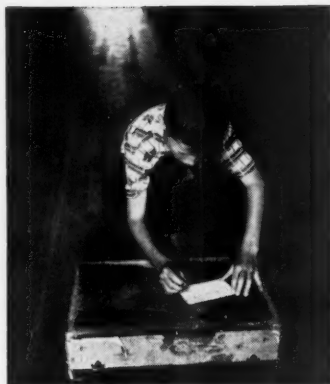
## Two unforgettable weeks for Billy

"Two weeks in the country is bound to benefit any city kid," believes Very Rev. Monsignor Harold F. Engel, archdiocesan director of the New York C.Y.O. "Good food and country air invariably stimulate a gain in weight. Those who come with chips on their shoulders learn to give and take. And, finally, the boys' first close contact with boys of other races frequently provides a lesson in Christian charity some would not learn at home." Billy McDonald knows what the monsignor means. For \$27.25, he experienced two weeks he'll never forget. And, as his mother says, "Where else on earth could you send a boy for that?"



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*Billy wrote home once during stay.  
He claims he wasn't homesick*



*Photographer caught Billy hitting  
his famous home-run during ball game*

## *A Sign Picture Story*



*A shy boy at heart, Billy enjoyed  
sitting by brook fishing and thinking*



*Busy camp days came to a close after dinner as boys, led by counselors,  
sat around a blazing campfire singing the old traditional camping songs*



FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS the Archdiocese of Hartford, Conn., has been the scene of an experiment aimed at helping Catholic parents appreciate how the other half lives—and vice-versa.

The "halves" are the parents and their teen-age youngsters, and Tri-Une, a short name for the experiment, brings the generations together for a discussion of such questions as:

*When, if ever, is it all right for teen-agers to go steady?*

*Why is it a mistake for teen-agers, who do not plan to marry, to indulge in "a little necking and petting?"* and

*What sort of parental discipline do teen-agers require?*

Tri-Une is an outgrowth of Cana. Says its director, Father John C. Knott of the Marriage and Family Apostolate of the Archdiocese of Hartford, "It all started some years ago when Catholic Youth Organization leaders around here began muttering in their beards. Teen-agers, they pointed out, face some pretty tough problems these days. Why couldn't there be a movement that tries to do for them what Cana tries to do for married couples and Pre-Cana for engaged ones?"

The movement was launched forthwith and given the name, Tri-Une Conference. Tri-Une, Father Knott explains, "because its purpose is to help young people prepare for one of the three adult vocations, marriage, the religious life or the single state.

For three years only the young people, high school juniors and seniors, took part. Meeting in parish halls and school auditoriums, they listened to a few remarks by Father Knott or by one of two priest brothers, Father Leo Divine of New Haven or Father Joseph Divine of Simsbury, Conn. After which, they trotted out their problems and went at them hammer and tong.

A year ago, the parents were brought into the picture, with the result that the movement is now known more or less officially as the Tri-Une and Cana Conference. Today Father Knott and seventeen parish priests designated by the Archbishop conduct conferences throughout the school year. Each conference consists of three sessions. Only the youngsters attend the first and only their parents attend the second. The third is often spoken of as "the knock-down-and-drag-out" for at this session teen-agers and parents assemble together to hash over the problems brought up during the previous two sessions.

So far almost a thousand parents and over three thousand youngsters have taken part, and over the years parents and offspring have brought up nearly a hundred questions, ranging, as Father Knott has remarked, "from the sublime to the amusing."

There was a lad, for example, who scrambled to his feet at one

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## Where parents and teen-agers talk things over

By MICHAEL J. WILSON

of the sessions to defend what he called "the occasional kiss."

At another session, a seventeen-year-old girl agreed with the older folks present that parties in the home for teen-age boys and girls should be chaperoned by parents.

"But," the young lady added in a stern voice, "they should behave themselves. Mama should not run around the house like a wet hen trying to make everybody happy. And Daddy should not take advantage of the situation to tell *all* his old jokes!"

Plainly, Tri-Une sessions are seldom tame.

In discussing the Tri-Une approach, Father Knott first stresses what it is not. Like Cana, Tri-Une is not a counseling service. True, a priest serves as a moderator at every session.

"But the moderator," Father Knott emphasizes, "is not there to give a specific answer to every problem that comes up. The Church everlastingly supports the family, but the Church recognizes that every family has its own problems within this pattern."

Nor is Tri-Une a lecture series. Father Knott says, "Tri-Une is not an *information* program, it is a *formation* program."

Probably the speediest way to outline the basic attitudes of Tri-Une is to compare them with those found in the more widely used and essentially secular approach usually spoken of as "modern."

Both approaches take the view that most teen-age difficulties have to do with the teen-ager's relationships with other people. The difference between the two approaches is one of focus. The "modern" approach focuses on the other people. Tri-Une focuses on the teen-ager. The "modern" stresses the importance of a teen-ager's learning how to live according to the dictates of society. Tri-Une stresses the importance of his learning how to live according to the dictates of his nature.

The starting point of the Tri-Une approach is found in Article Three of the Catechism where the nature of the human being is defined. A person, Article Three says, "is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God."

As a "creature," Father Knott points out, the dominant need of a person is to be loved. As the "image and likeness of God," his dominant need is to give love. Throughout childhood, for obvious reasons, the person's most pressing need is to be loved. In the full maturity of adulthood, his most pressing need is to love.

To this picture of the nature of a person, one other important item must be added. Every person has a *unique* nature.

Hence the irritations produced when Mama says to her teen-age,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN COLEMAN





*At Tri-Une Sessions, a priest moderates*

**Parents, dating, sex, and studies:**  
**These are the questions Tri-Une discusses**  
**in the hope of finding sound answers**



*How should parents behave at a teen-age party? Well, for one thing, say the teen-agers, Daddy should not take advantage of the situation to tell all his old jokes*

Tomboy daughter: "Why can't you be like Ann across the street? She is always so lady-like."

Obviously, Tomboy Daughter can't be like Ann, because she is unique, that is, different from Ann. Many a family storm is stirred up because parents fail to realize that each child should develop according to his own nature and not according to the nature that God has given a big brother or a neighbor child.

By the same token, teen-age Johnny is out of order when he complains because Pop is not like Mr. Jones next door.

The Tri-Une approach puts considerable stress on the phrase "unique needs." As Father Knott expresses it, "God, we can be sure, approves of our giving love, no matter how awkwardly we do it. The fact remains that the act of love is imperfect when it fails to consider the unique needs of the beloved. It is an imperfect act of love, for example, to give hill-billy recordings to

a person who likes only classical music."

At Tri-Une sessions, then, the unique nature of the person, as derived from the Catechism, is the bright light to which practically all of the questions brought up are ultimately exposed.

How? What are the mechanics of a Tri-Une Program? What sort of problems come up and how are they handled?

My own first touch with Tri-Une in action took place on a blustery March afternoon at a Catholic Academy for girls in a small Connecticut city.

In a preliminary talk, Father Knott outlined the Tri-Une approach. He stressed the importance of every teen-ager's understanding himself. He pointed out that while everyone has a unique nature, there is one way in which he is like everyone else. He is a human being.

Elaborating on the nature of the person, Father Knott pointed out that there is one further thing human beings have in common: the gift of sex. In discussing sex, the priest first noted



*Acting as chaperone doesn't mean Mom should run around like a wet hen trying to make everybody happy*

what he called two "bad attitudes" toward it, two widely prevalent extremes.

One extreme is the Puritan belief that sex is evil in itself. The other is the "modern" belief that sex is an expression of the body only, a mere biological function.

"Obviously sex cannot be evil in itself," Father Knott said, "because it is a gift from God and like all His gifts, it is good and sacred. Obviously it cannot be an expression of the body alone, because everything a human being does is an expression of his total personality—of his body, mind, heart, and will working as a unit.

"Why did God implant the gift of sex in everybody?" Father Knott asked. "It is God's way of enabling the human being to share in His creative act of love. The very purpose of the sex act then explains why it is to be reserved for marriage.

"Why then," Father Knott went on, "do we say that it is a mistake for teen-age boys and girls to engage in a 'little necking and petting'? The reason is that 'necking and petting' are a part of the sex act, and as such they belong to marriage. Within the bounds of marriage, physical love-making is part and parcel of the proper use of the gift of sex. Outside of marriage it becomes an abuse of one of the most sacred gifts with which God has entrusted us."

At the conclusion of his remarks, Father Knott instructed the girls at each table to elect a chairman "to be your spokesman and a secretary to record whatever pearls of wisdom you drop this afternoon."

He then asked the girls at each table to talk over and list what they considered the gifts of love each teen-ager could make to her parents and vice versa. When these findings were reported by the chairmen, there was a general discussion of them.

Next the girls were asked to list the topics they would like to discuss on the floor. After these had been discussed in a general way, the girls were asked to list what they considered to be the advantages and disadvantages of "going steady."

To point out what every parent knows, "going steady" no longer means courtship leading to marriage. As one of the Catholic Academy girls put it, "the objective of going steady is not marriage but the senior prom."

Another teen-age term is "going steadily." It refers to a girl who has repeated dates not with the same boy all the time, but with the same group of boys. Still another is "playing the field," which, of course, refers to a girl who does not confine her dating to

any one boy or any one group of boys.

One of the things brought out frequently at Tri-Une sessions is that, generally speaking, teen-agers take a far more realistic attitude toward the problem of going steady than their parents do.

The youngsters are far more prone to point out the tremendous moral risk involved in going steady, plus the fact that it is a poor preparation for marriage since it prevents the teen-ager from getting to know a variety of the members of the other sex.

In summing up, Father Knott pointed out that "as a rule, the big question is whether or not the young couple are in a position to marry in the near future. Today most boys go from high school into the service, or both boy and girl go to college. Under such circumstances, the advantages of 'playing the field' are strikingly apparent."

The second session at the Catholic Academy, an evening meeting a week later, found only the parents present. Much the same ground was covered, except that problems were discussed from the parental viewpoint. Among the matters brought up was the "curfew" question: Should teen-agers be allowed to date on school nights? At what hour should they be required to get home on week-end nights? How long should they be allowed to stay out after such special occasions as the junior and senior proms? At the benediction, with which all Tri-Une sessions are concluded, the parents renewed their marriage vows.

The third session, another evening meeting a week later, was the prize one! This time the girls sat at tables on one side of the room, their parents on the other.

Among other things, the parents were asked to list the things they like about the contemporary teen-ager and the things they dislike. The girls were requested to do likewise with their parents as the target.

When a parental chairman arose to say, "We believe most teen-agers take their studies seriously," there was a thunderous burst of applause from the teen-age side of the room. When a teen-age chairman declared, "We are sick and tired of hearing mama and papa begin every argument with 'now when we were your age.' . . ." a long, low groan swept the parental bleachers.

Prominent among the teen-age statements was a complaint that is voiced frequently at all Tri-Une sessions—the complaint that modern parents are "too busy." As one girl put it:

"Our parents complain because we confide in other kids and not in them. What can they expect when they give the impression that we're to talk to

them only during 'office hours'—and they, of course, set the hours."

You may wonder, what is the good of all this. What effect does it have? Father Knott and his assistants keep no official record. Reactions, however, do make themselves heard.

Commented a father after his first attendance at a session. "After the meeting, my wife, our two daughters and I sat up until two o'clock in the morning. We got things out in the open that we'd been keeping inside of ourselves for months. We really cleared the air.



*Going steady: the objective is not marriage but the senior prom*

Believe me, life is pleasanter at our house today and we all understand each other better."

Father Knott sees some "liabilities" in Tri-Une. "Our deepest regret at present," he says, "is that we don't see enough of the people from homes where there is a real strain between parents and teen-agers."

On the "asset" side, Father Knott and his assistants have made what they call "a great and heartening discovery."

"We have learned in the last four years," Father Knott says, "that the newspaper stories of juvenile delinquents and erring teen-agers give a false picture of American youth. The present crop of teen-agers, in our opinion, is probably the most intelligent, the most competent, and generally speaking, the most spiritually minded generation this country has ever had. Dismal headlines notwithstanding, God has been good to America. Her future is in capable hands."

# The Archbishop's Man Friday

With the exception of Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, perhaps the most familiar figure around the Archdiocese of Boston is Alfred C. Wasilauskas, a native of Lithuania, a Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, and—to put it formally—"a lay assistant to the Archbishop of Boston." Al Wasilauskas, you see, is Archbishop Cushing's Man Friday. For nearly a dozen years, ever since the former director of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith became the sixth Ordinary in Boston, Al has been the prelate's constant companion.

## At the projector

He serves mainly as His Excellency's chauffeur, but what little time he has free from "Big 80" (the official car), he spends supervising the printing and mailing offices in the episcopal residence.

Al won't bring it up, but if you press him, he will tell how it all started. After emigrating from Lithuania after World War I, Al set out to become a professional movie projectionist in the United States. In New York, he worked for a while with a Bostonian who invited him to visit Boston on occasion. It was

on one of these trips that Al met pretty Genevieve Murphy, secretary to the Reverend Director of Boston's Propagation office. It wasn't long before Father Cushing was blessing an office marriage.

However, Al Wasilauskas' gain wasn't entirely Father Cushing's loss, for priest and projectionist soon became something of a team in the interests of the foreign missions. Al would show mission films in schools, seminaries, and parishes while the energetic young priest provided a running commentary on missionary life from Africa to Alaska.

Their mutual respect grew and when the wide effectiveness of audio-visual education became generally apparent, Al joined Father Cushing's office staff. When the priest became the Archbishop, it was only natural that Al would move up with him. And the two have been together ever since: in travels



## In the printery

throughout the Archdiocese, through much of the U.S. and Canada, and on pilgrimages to Europe. Right now, Al is packing his bag for the first postwar pilgrimage to Germany. Host will be Chancellor Adenauer.







Photograph by Philip Stark

## A Welcome for Foreign Students

The foreign student coming to study at American colleges and universities, according to Dolores Elise Brien, director of the Grail International Student Center in New York City, often has not one, but more than half a dozen strikes against him. The unfamiliar environment, his own frequent immaturity, the emotionally abrasive experience of discrimination, his own national loyalties, the prevailing spirit of materialism and secularism: all add up to a stay in America that may be educating, but is just as likely to be spiritually jarring. And if he happens to be a Catholic, all the above is likely to be compounded by lack of contact with Catholic life in the United States.

The Grail's New York Center is one of several Catholic agencies striving to ease the problems of foreign students. Its program includes practical assistance and personal guidance such as job counseling, arranging hospitality in Catholic homes, and advice in selection of studies; lectures provide a Catholic intellectual orientation; days of Christian living, retreats, conferences, pilgrimages, religious dramas help enrich the student's Catholic life; help is available in arranging housing. The aim is not only to make the student's stay a happy and fruitful one, but to guarantee that when he returns to his own country he will be prepared to play a role as a member of a lay Catholic elite conscious of the need to restore Christ to the world.



Photograph by Dan Coleman

**Dolores Brien: The aim is a lay Catholic elite conscious of today's apostolic challenge**



**AND AWAY WE GO**—The inevitable has happened. Jackie Gleason will return to "live" TV next season. Ratings for his show dropped when he switched to the filmed "Honeymooners" series

by **JOHN LESTER**

NETWORK TV PROGRAMING will undergo a great deal of examination and shuffling from within during the next few months, all of which is prompted by monopoly charges hurled by three Congressional Committees, two from the House, one from the Senate.

The latter, and most powerful, is the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, headed by Sen. Warren G. Magnuson, of Washington.

Actually, the TV webs got word that a thorough investigation was on the way

portant phase of the government's monopoly charges.

There had been some unloading before this, but only minor properties were concerned, although the majority were "package" shows, and, of course, there will be more unloading in the near future, the idea being to remove as much "evidence" of monopoly of this kind as quickly as possible.

CBS was first under the wire out of necessity because it owns more shows than the other networks, with NBC a poor second and ABC a poor third.



Tommy Farrell with the 1000-pound electronic hero of "Here Comes Tabor," TV's new science-fiction adventure series



**DOROTHY AND DEBBY**—Dorothy Collins, singing star of NBC-TV's "Hit Parade," with her pert, 18-month-old daughter, Deborah Scott

## RADIO AND TELEVISION

about the first of the year and immediately began a quiet examination that resulted in a little shuffling. But, since no pattern evolved and nothing of any real importance took place, those of us who cover this beat could only watch and wait.

Several weeks ago things began to pop, however, with the CBS announcement that the Arthur Godfrey "Friends" show and the daily Jack Paar and Robert Q. Lewis strips were being canceled.

On the surface the cancellation appeared routine, although Godfrey's involvement created a stir.

The real story was beneath the surface and Godfrey, Paar, and Lewis didn't figure in it whatsoever, except indirectly and by coincidence.

CBS was merely trying to unload some of the programs it owns and produces—these are referred to in the trade as network "packages"—since its ownership of many such programs constitutes an im-

The fact that Godfrey's Wednesday night hour was reinstated proves the haste with which Columbia was moving at the time of its cancellation. After some deliberation, the boys decided its cancellation was a mistake, that any attempt to hide Godfrey would be ridiculous. Besides, they're entitled to own some shows.

### Gleason Reverts

Well, the inevitable has happened. Jackie Gleason has decided to return to "live" TV and his original Saturday night at 8, NYT, hour on CBS, beginning Sept. 29.

"The Golden Ham," as Gleason is called in Jim Bishop's superb biographical study, made a serious mistake when he switched to film in the first place, but he deserves all credit for reversing himself.

Now that Jackie will soon be back in his element again—"live" TV—he figures

to go back up in ratings and interest as quickly and surely as he hit the skids when he deserted his variety hour for the filmed "Honeymooners" series.

There's nothing wrong with film and the arguments for and against it are meaningless unless they concern themselves with individual performers only.

Some, like Lucille Ball and Jack Webb, are fine on film, while others aren't, all depending on their background and training.

Gleason belongs to the latter group. He "went to school" in night clubs and

tured in a Republic picture that created no stir at all. But "Tobor's" managers remained convinced he was star material and spent another \$165,000 in research and development, finally arriving at the "improved" and redesigned electronic marvel to be seen in this new series.

In fact, "Tobor" now does so many things so well, he'll even be allowed to make personal appearances.

The mechanical giant's co-stars are Arthur Space, of TV, Broadway, and Hollywood, and "Tiger" Fafara, the eleven-year-old veteran of TV and

Bandleader Lawrence Welk, who'll add a teen-ager musical series to his regular Saturday night ABC-TV hour this fall, publishes a monthly magazine called *Sweet Notes of Friendship*. . . . Janis Paige's *It's Always Jan* show will be made into a feature-length film this summer with the same cast. . . . The TV fraternity is howling over a letter received by *The \$64,000 Question*. It read, in part, "I'd like to try the spelling category!". . . Chuck Skiller, producer of *Sgt. Preston of the Yukon*, has a new series on the way, *Riders of*



**MENTALIST-MAGICIAN**—Josef Dunninger, one-time protégé of Houdini, is again performing his thought-reading experiments on TV



**DANCING DUO**—Marge and Gower Champion's ballroom series will alternate with Jack Benny's Sunday show



**HE'S BACK**—Gabby Hayes returned to TV recently with a new show on which he spins tall tales and shows films starring two-gun performers

theaters, sharpening his wits and style face to face with the customers. He wasn't trained and conditioned for motion pictures and though he may do something worthwhile in them some day he'll always be much better in person.

So, get set, viewers—come Sept. 29, and "A-w-a-a-y weeee goooo!" again.

#### New Science Show

A new science-fiction-adventure series called *Here Comes Tobor* looks like the next big thing on TV, or, at the very least, a nation-wide conversation piece.

Scheduled to premiere soon—probably on NBC—"Tobor" stars a 9-foot, 1,000-pound electronic "hero" by that name who can perform almost every type of human motor reflex, and does, at the command of "Tommy," his inseparable boy-companion.

"Tobor" is the first mechanical "performer" to star in a continuing television series, but he'll not be making his show business debut in the medium. Some time ago the gigantic gadget was fea-

movies who recently changed his name to Tommy Farrell.

Mr. Space plays "Professor Adams," the scientific genius who created "Tobor" and dedicated him to the service of mankind.

Young Farrell, as "Tommy," is the "Professor's" nephew, through whom the scientist's commands, etc., are relayed to the indestructible "Tobor."

#### In Brief

The Jerry Lewises, who now have three boys, will adopt a little girl soon. . . . The Irish (Notre Dame) Football Network of 190 outlets has been terminated, with all games going to Mutual. . . . MGM set to release its *Dr. Kildare*, *Andy Hardy*, and *Maisie* films, thirty-seven in all, to TV. . . . Another *Captain Kidd* series, this one starring Tony Dexter, will go into production despite a major network's decision to drop the project when too many unsavory things were uncovered about the celebrated pirate in the course of research. . . . Just for the record:

*the Pony Express*. . . In case you care: Movies are shown in three parts on Swiss TV—on three consecutive nights—to protect the film industry there.

*Adventures of a Model*, starring Joanne Dru, is currently being filmed by Desilu Productions. . . . Ex-heavyweight champ Joe Louis is being offered a bundle to appear on TV as a wrestler. . . . Mario Lanza and NBC toppers are holding conferences regarding the star's return to that web. But the deal will include TV this time. . . . Clarence Meyer, Jr., brother of Rosemary LaRosa, Julius' bride, is studying for the priesthood. . . . Dinah Shore planning an *Autumn in New York* spectacular. . . . Arthur Godfrey fan clubs are readying a campaign to name him "Mr. America TV". . . . A major TV network is prepping a ninety-minute documentary showing Japan's progress since World War II. . . . Word is *The March of Time* may return to ABC-TV, on which it didn't do too well the first time.

by  
*Michael Foster*

# AMERICAN SUMMER

I LEANED IN the doorway of Marcia's kitchenette, waiting for her to come home. The five o'clock dull roar of New York streets, heavy with summer heat, came in through the open windows. Moving very slowly, I had tidied up the room. When I tried to swallow, I couldn't. It was as if my throat, deep at the back of the tongue, was paralyzed.

In spite of the street noises far below, it was quiet, clock-ticking quiet, leaning there in the kitchenette doorway, waiting. After a while, I found myself looking across the room at the white-paneled door of the shallow closet where Marcia's clothes hung. The little short gray jacket with its beautiful careless throat-line and the way its sleeves felt to my fingertips one afternoon in the rain; the cream and brown party dress—I quit looking at that door. But I was glad to be alone there in her apartment, this empty bit of time. Somehow I sensed her more deeply then, when she wasn't there, than I ever had before. Somehow then, for once, I had her all to myself. That little while of silence and of thinking about her, I needed. Before I made the toughest decision of a life.

I turned my head to make sure again that everything was ready for the people who were coming in around five-thirty. It was all there, glittering faintly on the kitchenette drainboard, the row of glasses, the two bottles for mixing martinis, the long silver iced-tea spoon for stirring. The little jars of onions and Spanish olives were opened and in the ice-box. Since it was my day off I had been able to come in well ahead of time with her extra key, to shine

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN

*"You must tell me now," Marcia said*

*One summer gave me faith and courage  
to do what I was going to do.*









*Marcia smiled. "My! We look just elegant and ready around here"*

the place up. I was the old family friend that way, dating from nearly a year ago, and it meant the world to me. As it meant so much to be able to come in sometimes when she was tired, and cook the dinner, instead of taking her out somewhere. I knew she liked it too, though it takes me longer than it does most people, I guess.

The flowers I had brought that afternoon, I had put in a shadowy corner. Pale roses, to my suddenly half-closed eyes they were like a broken pattern of the moonlight that I might never see there now. When I heard Marcia's key in the lock, I lit a cigarette. The match-flame wavered with my fingers, and I carefully blew it out with a lungful of smoke. She came in looking hot and tired but beautiful. She took off her wide-brimmed summer straw, skimmed it through the air toward the divan, thrust pink-tipped fingers through her dark curls tousling them still more, and gave me her quick limpid smile.

"Hi," she said.

Luxuriously she stretched, rising on her tiptoes. Her heels came back down with a small pleasant click, and she gave the apartment a careless circular glance.

"We look just elegant and ready

around here," she said. "You were a darling to do it."

She walked over to the corner, touched the roses and over her shoulder flipped me a little thank-you wave of her fingertips. It was one of the dearest ways she had. Then she came over to where I leaned and kissed me lightly. I tried to swallow again, and it made a sort of a dry click in my throat, but she had turned away and didn't notice.

Yet after she had gone a few casual steps, she stopped, spun around on the toe of one white shoe and stood with a very young awkwardness, her ankles crossed and her hands clasped behind her back, gazing at me.

"What's the matter? Has something happened?" she said.

I was awkward, too—and thirty isn't old, but a lot older than Marcia—and in the silence we were both suddenly aware that the doorbell would ring any minute and people would come in all gay and talkative with party manners.

"Tell me—has something happened?" she said again.

"Yes."

Marcia was smiling at me once more. Differently. A little uncertainly. And her eyes were quiet, too. She had the most steadily honest eyes that I had ever seen

in a girl. That would make it easier. "Have you lost your job or something?" she said. "If it's anything silly like that, for heaven's sake, you know that I—"

"Job? Lord, no," I said. I was a copy-reader on a newspaper. It was the kind of a job you could keep practically all your life, if you wanted to. I sat in the crowded half-circle on the rim of the copy desk, and I could sit there until I was old, like some of the tired, strangely scholarly men who sat there with me. And Marcia—Marcia was on her way up fast in the theater. I had seen her through bad times, when she would come home worn out and I think nearly ready to cry from the miserable, sorry-nothing-in-sight days around the jammed casting offices, and those were evenings I could keep. Then early in the spring she had been in a snob-intellectual play, her small part a sparkling standout. It was wonderful to watch. I know it was. But I was seeing the Marcia of the future. I was seeing my future too, obscure and shabby, though I tried not to. And now in a big play rehearsing for a fall opening she had a terrific part, she said, and it was the way up for her.

"Well, whatever has happened since last night to make you look so odd, perhaps it would be very sensible of you to tell me," Marcia said.

"There's a lot more to it than that," I answered slowly.

Her eyes became deeply startled, and I knew that I was violently not making sense. She held out one hand quickly, but I shook my head. I needed still more time to think. And it was strange, really strange, what I was beginning to think about. But the mind takes unexpected and apparently irrelevant directions, when something happens sharply to make you look at your life all as one piece—what it may mean. And now, a bitterly hard turning point had come, which had to wring an answer out of me. An answer, violent and final, which only I, John Bennington, could make.

I turned away, pivoting from my leaning-place to the glitter-crowded drainboard. I took time to do everything just right, putting a chunk of ice into each glass to chill it, and for once it was exceedingly OK with me to hear the doorbell ring. Marcia hesitated, but she had to go. I took a long breath. I hadn't had to tell her yet. I hadn't actually been forced to have it utterly out with myself, either. Not quite. Not quite yet. There were glad voices at the door, and I wheeled around and waved, and then I started fixing the martinis.

Sometimes when the mind is battered and courage ebbs and the crowd-noises of life are too much, you find something to draw on. I was thinking about some-

thing that happened a long time ago, for someone else. Somehow it had a lot to do—nearly everything to do—with what I was facing now. I was thinking of it in odd glimpses, seeing in dim and silent shape a meaning. . . .

I had just finished the seventh grade the summer my brother Al worked on a surveying crew in the mountains of Montana, through wilderness country. We lived in Seattle, and Al was an engineering student at the university. He traveled by day coach to Montana for that summer's job. A lot of the time, he was in the smoker right up next to the mail and baggage cars, locomotive-noisy and gritty in those days, and most of the men were western working stiffs on their way to the woods or the mines or the big ranch country farther east, and there was good, slow talk, along with some almighty, whopping, tall stories told straight-faced in the swaying haze of tobacco smoke. It was dawn when the brakeman shook Al's shoulder to wake him up, and he got off at a little station with the mountains standing all around.

Through the months of the high, western summer he worked as a rodman, and when necessary a shovel-hand or a brush-hook swinger, with the engineering party which was surveying for a mining road to run away back into a new area. He told me about it when he came home in the fall, two weeks late for the opening of the university. We were pretty poor, we all three worked: Al had his classes in the morning and an afternoon job behind the cigar stand in a downtown hotel. Those October evenings when I came in from carrying my long paper route in another part of the city, I would find my place set at the kitchen table and my supper on the stove where mother had fixed it before she left. She was cashier in an all-night restaurant, a grandly shining place that I had walked by sometimes.

Such evenings, I used to run up the steep stairs to Al's attic room, to hang around for a while. He would be sitting there with his engineering books and corn-cob pipe under the lamp on the pine table he used as a desk. He would have had his supper, ahead of mine—we ate at odd intervals in our house. Usually he turned his head to glance at me with his tough, sunburned grin and said: "Hiya, kid." So I would go in and sit down.

On the lamplit edge of his table was the early frontier revolver he had found one day in the wild country. To me, hefting its weight and turning it over in my hands, it was the supreme symbol of that summer of his—a talisman of the suns and weathers and the distances of adventure, of time and American spaces.

Of all that was waiting for me, too, when I grew up. When Al found the revolver it was a ruin of rust and caked forest-mould, but he had cleaned it up a little in the light of campfires. It was an 1847 Walker Colt forty-four, the first Colt six-shooter. I had read up on it in the public library. It was an early forerunner of the great Colt six-shooters, such as the Peacemaker, which eventually brought law to the West. How this particular ancient gun traveled to the remote Montana wildlands, no one will ever know: by whom it was carried, or how he died. Some far and lonely American wanderer, across the sagebrush and under the peaks, long ago. . . . The walnut grips had been cracked away by the mountain frosts, and nothing could ever clean the brown-pitted metal so anyone could ever see again the cavalry-and-Indian fight impressed on the heavy, full-round cylinder. Remembering its cumbersome antique weight in my hands, I remember my brother's voice—distant trails and summertime and growing up.

Some nights, if our talking was late and our studying was done, Al would

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**• If you want a thing well done,  
don't do it yourself unless you know  
how.—Optimist**

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get up, lean and slouching, and put his slide rule and pencil on his litter of neatly figure-lined papers and we would walk down to the hamburger joint on the avenue. It was a college hangout, and in the blue greasy smoke and clatter of midnight, Al with an easy-ambling carelessness would lift his corn-cob pipe at any friends who were present. It was a characteristic gesture of his, and one which some day I would copy, that taking of the pipe-stem from his mouth and lifting it in casual salute. Settling himself in a corner of a back booth, he would toss his tobacco-pouch down on the table. Even then, in those years, he had a dry, leathery sort of Western crease in his thin cheek, and it deepened slowly as he smiled at his kid brother again. I was traveling in practically grown-up company. Those were good midnights. They too were of America and being young, taking it for granted that a whole fine life was waiting ahead, for us to get there. They too, those midnights, were touched for me by the distant starlight of Al's wilderness. They, too, I had: to remember now.

He said that when they went in, it was still such early summer in the high country that the trail crossed a saddle

of snow between two bare granite peaks. They made camp where the autumn snows had ended last summer's preliminary work. There were only four engineers in the party, and the chief was an old-timer who could roll a brown-paper cigarette one-handed, who quoted Shakespeare, and who sometimes after supper showed you through his figures for the day. A tough brown thumb turning a page of his big notebook in lantern-light, and his laconic professional drawl explaining a problem better than a good many college lectures; because you were there and your boots were scuffed and you had just washed off the sweat and dust of a long day in the rough country itself. The other two engineers were younger and more impatient men, both from Boston Tech, and they worried about their families at home.

But the ancient wilderness takes man back unto itself, even as he damages. Al, carrying the level-rod over his shoulder, was but another creature of earth to the young doe watching among deep-forest patches of light and shade; to the Canada jays, the whiskey-jacks, peering with sidewise heads at him. Standing among the smell of crushed ferns in hot sunlight, Al would have time to light his pipe and watch the high, floating speck of an eagle over the timbered ridges. Then the distant figure of the chief would stoop slightly to the small instrument-glitter of the level on its tripod and Al would steady the white level-rod with its calibrations of black and red. At the chief's faraway easy shout and wave of an arm, the little doe might whirl and go out of sight over a dim and mossy fallen tree trunk with a leap so effortless that it gave a drifting illusion of being slower than it was. The summer days were long and good with muscle-stretching work. They were putting in the stakes for the grading, for the road that would take the heavy machinery in and bring the ore out some day. Walking back to camp through the late-slanting shadows, Al would smell the supper-fires of the wrangler who was also cook and think about an unearthly clear pool of eddying mountain-water and the fine numbing, clean shock when you stripped and dived into it. And at night, when you lay looking up at a black fir-branch with a swarm of stars tangled in its tip, sleep came silently as an owl's wing. . . . Al said that you found yourself thinking of the passing summer by moons, as the Indians had. After they left the creek they worked up and over a divide, into wider lands.

The place where he found the gun was on the high edge of a vast, wild basin. Al's toe stubbed it as he was kicking away the forest-drift and the seasons-



old debris to clear a spot down to bare rock for the foot of his level-rod. There was nothing else to indicate the man who once had been there. They figured maybe he had died a few steps away, on the very edge of the rim. The gun could not show whether he had been firing it or not, but anyway the chambers were empty. They all spent a long time looking for the gilded metal powder and ball flask, stamped with a stand of arms and flags, which the chief said was always issued with the Walker Colt. But they never found it. Perhaps the unknown old-timer hadn't had one. Nobody will ever know. This was American wilderness and, outside the great importances, America has also been made by obscure lives, often in loneliness and sometimes brave, and how you die doesn't matter.

They went on through the long days, working toward the end of the line of peaks on the horizon. Across great rolling distances one hill was ink-blue in cloud-shadow. It was war-bonnet country, my brother said.

I knew what he meant. I still do. Now that I am grown up I have seen that kind of country, but only from train windows. I stopped a machine-gun slug with my left hip-joint the fourth night of the Battle of the Bulge. The filthy snow and frozen mud were as bad as you've heard they were. There wasn't much left of the joint, but I was glad it had been there to stop the slug. Friends of mine paid worse. I can get around all right, now, but not through timber, not on the slopes of rough country.

But maybe certain ideas are like putting money of the spirit into a kind of bank. That long ago summer of a far away boy, my brother, was like that. It was there when I needed it. It was, I guess—in a way, it was mine. It helped me now, and I was seeing straighter and sadder in Marcia's kitchenette. I finished pouring the martinis and put the glasses on a tray and reached for my cane.

A good gruff voice spoke at my shoulder:

"Here, John. I'll carry 'em round. Swell bartenders don't wait on the table trade."

It was Bill Gage. He is a nice guy. One of the very best. Awfully young and quietly big, still with that fresh-scrubbed, college-crew look and conservative Madison Avenue clothes worn a little shabby from his campus days. He is in his father's brokerage business, and they live up the Hudson. He gave me a poke in the ribs, picked up the tray, and walked gravely out into the room, and I followed him. The Webbers were there, and the MacDonalds had come, and everybody was sitting around

talking. There were small, evenly spaced pauses in the bright voices as Bill bent in front of each one in turn with the tray and then he was holding it for Marcia and I was watching the cool, respectful way he looked at her, another man's girl, and I saw the sudden tension around his lips as he smiled at her. Sure it hurt, but it was better that way. And my decision was made.

Bill shoved the tray at me and then went out to the kitchen twirling it in one hand and his own drink in the other; and pretty soon I carried mine back to the drainboard too and started measuring out some more to stir, while he leaned in the doorway beaming at me.

"I wish I could stage the kind of parties you do, John," he said, trying to make me feel good.

"Maybe you can, one of these days," I said, making myself feel a lot worse.

"You didn't find these martinis in a history book," he said.

I smiled faintly. When I got out of the army, I finished college at Berkeley under the GI deal, switching from en-

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• Why advertise your troubles?  
There's no market for them.—  
Everybody's St. Anthony

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gineering to a history major, and then I kept on for my master's degree because I had to keep going back to the government hospital and there wasn't much else to do. Now that I was a newspaperman, it always seemed to amuse people, including Marcia, my being practically a licensed historian. I know I don't look like the studious type.

I made myself keep smiling.

"Well," I said, "I read another kind of book one time. A novel. Everybody drank martinis. Young. Sophisticated. It was wonderful. That was fifteen years ago. Read it again last year. Everybody still drinking martinis. Still young. Still wonderful. So I figured, there's the long-term magic drink."

He laughed a little doubtfully, and we stood, just saying nothing.

But he saw Marcia coming toward me, and after letting his big friendly hand rest for a moment on my shoulder he drifted away tactfully to keep the talk going among the other people. Marcia stood looking at me clearly.

"John, you must tell me now," she said.

"All right. Here it is."

I reached for my jacket where it hung on the back of the kitchen chair and took out the letter I had been carrying around all day. When I handed it to her

she gave a quick, hostess glance over her shoulder to make sure everyone else was occupied, and then she unfolded it and started reading. It was from Leon MacLachlan, who had been my best professor and my friend. We'd had many a lamplit talk in his cluttered den at the back of his house, and at midnight Mrs. MacLachlan would bring in coffee and sandwiches and sit with us. A couple of years ago he had left Berkeley and gone to a smaller Western state university to become head of its history department. Now he had written urging me to come there and work for my doctorate, but the main thing was that he offered me an instructorship to begin with. He said you could see the Western mountains from that campus.

*History is a mug's game, John, he wrote, to end his letter. A lot of the time nobody seems to care, and you never will be paid much. But, John, to some of us it's worth it. If only a few hear, and that few remember only a little bit. If they remember only the general directions. Of America, of the human race. For, after all, maybe only by taking bearings on the past can we see our directions, our courses, into the future. Before it may be too late. That's your job. It's here for you to learn. Let me know. Then merely Yrs., and his large-crawled, impatient signature.*

Marcia carefully refolded the letter, not lifting her eyes from it, and handed it back to me.

"Well?" she said.

"Let's be practical. We never have been," I said. "First off, I'm selfish enough and sad enough to see what my life is shaping toward here, and what it would be in a year, three years, from now. You a brilliant and successful actress, a tremendous name in the theater, and me a newspaper drudge. Being poorly paid would hurt then. You can see the sort of life. I'll be brutal. I wouldn't live like that. And I'm sad enough, too, to think it wouldn't work, anyway. Not permanently, even if we were married—and I've never asked you to," I said bitterly.

"I know you haven't. And I don't know what I'd say," she muttered honestly.

"You won't ever have to say anything now," I said.

"You mean you're going, John?"

"Yes."

She said quickly: "Oh—darling! I—" and biting her lip, she stopped.

"And suppose you went with me," I said relentlessly. "I can't ask you to give up the theater and your whole life, to go with me. But suppose you did. We'd be awfully poor. On a small salary, and that's all we'd have to look forward to for a long time. So there it is, Marcia.



You. Me. It's just one of those awful logics. I've been putting off facing it as long as I can."

But all of a sudden, there between us in our eyes, stood the hours we'd had. The rainy streets we'd walked along together, the flowers, the home-cooked dinners when she was tired. . . .

"Oh, John—wait," she said. "Let me think. Just a minute. Let me—"

She walked past me and stood looking out the kitchen window. When she turned back she said gently:

"John, my dear."

"Yes, Marcia." My hands were shaking.

And just as suddenly, we knew we were saying good-by. A dozen feet away were the bright party-voices, so gay, so well mannered. It seemed to me that so many of our love scenes—such as they were, such as we had kept them—had been in crowded places. And now we were saying good-by in a crowd, and this too was better that way. We both knew that I would not be back to say a real farewell.

And the funny thing was, we didn't say anything at all. It was just Marcia's eyes talking to me. And mine to her. That was the best, and truest, that we could do. And then she bowed her head and brushed past me, her little finger just hooking mine for an instant, and I turned back to the drainboard and reached for an ice tray. I would leave with the other guests. I could trust Marcia at the door. I—just this one last time—I could trust myself at the door.

On my way through Chicago, to the West, between trains, I went up to Al's office. He is a vice-president of an engineering company now. He looks it, too. He has a nice house on a quiet street half an hour out, his wife Louise is a dear and they have two little girls beginning to grow up. All this good way of living shows in Al's office. I told him where I was headed for and what I was going to do. He lit another cigarette and sat looking at the tip of it, not at me where I leaned against the wall.

"Yes," he said, "I think you've picked the right thing, kid. Mother would have liked it, too."

There are some glassed-in bookcases in one corner of his office, and on the shelves among his technical books some—Louise, I suspect—has arranged some of the rare and beautiful things they have brought home from his various trips. Most of them were bought in great and distant cities of the world. Some intricately chased brass from India, a modern figure of carved dark wood from Africa, a prehistoric stone bowl for pounding Aztec corn. Things like that.

"A professor, in the family. We'll be

proud, kid," Al said softly. "Dr. Bennington."

"You know what I was thinking about when I decided?" I said. "I was thinking about that time you went to Montana."

Al looked first vague, and then amused.

"Oh, that," he said. "How funny, I'd forgotten."



*The Colt was a symbol of what was awaiting me when I grew up*

"You had?"

He lifted one shoulder in a puzzled shrug.

"Nothing much happened," he said. "It was just another good summer."

I guess he was right. But it had always meant quite a bit to me—the idea, I mean. It was one of the things I thought about sometimes in the war when everything was dirty, well, that America is a place where there is still room for a summer like that, for a boy. The morning we hit a Norman beach, you don't think much at times like that, but I did have some sort of desperate pictures of big, clean country that was worth a man's life to keep it the way it was, and I guess the other guys in my outfit had their kinds of pictures too, though nobody would have thought it to hear us talk. And that country is still there for people who want it, and even if I can't ever do

things like that myself now, it still in an off-slant way had given me courage once more, and faith to do what I was on my way to do.

Al's summer. For me, it was touched with far-off remembered sunlight in the mind. Of youth, of youth, and my part of America. And it's OK with me if men of my age were the ones tapped to keep it possible for other boys.

The old rust-ruined Walker Colt was in a dark, back corner of one of the cases, and I opened the glass and lifted it out.

"Take it along, kid," Al said. "You always liked it."

I shook my head. I didn't need to. It was enough just to see it again.

And the first morning of school, as I waited for my first class to come into my first lecture room, I was scared again and once more I kept the picture in my mind of the Walker Colt and the unknown man who had carried it. I heard the boys and girls streaming through the halls, and their voices calling and their laughter, and my class began straggling in, looking at me curiously. I had shoved my cane out of sight, and propped myself against a corner of the desk.

And I thought pretty desperately—and with a still heart—that if tough and unschooled men had died unknown deaths to open up America for those who would follow, I could live to do it in a different way. I admit it was maybe farfetched, but it was about all I had to go on. I admit those old frontier roughs weren't intending to open up a nation for these kids. But I did intend to, if I could, in their minds. If I could maybe just make them hear—not the clichés of history. They would pass their examinations on dates and the big importances. But they would remember, if I could make them, the lonelines and the unrecorded courages of history, of men and women who had lived and died in America before them. And for them.

There was a girl in that class, sitting at the far end of a back row. I watched her for a moment, and then looked away. I had noticed only that she had deep waiting eyes and a western summer tan, and I could tell that she came of ranch people, not wealthy. I didn't know her name, yet. But I do now. It is Gretchen. It is going to be Gretchen Bennington. And I think that her sons maybe will have all that I have missed.

But as I stood there in front of my first class, little by little everything became more or less quiet. Their faces were watching me, waiting for me to say something. And I was thinking of a boy coming out of timber, to war-bonnet country.



*Vital workshop for European peace and freedom, the German Bundestag in Bonn, Western Germany*

# Germany's Foreign Minister

By DAVID M. NICHOL

IN THE SPRING of 1945, while all that was left of Germany was crumbling into nearly total ruin, a forty-one-year-old lawyer in Darmstadt was pondering the course that had led to this disaster.

The core of the problem, he came to feel, was not the policies of the Nazi party as such, for once these policies had become effective the end result was inevitable. The problem was to make it impossible for any group like the Nazis ever again to seize total power.

This, in turn, had an important corollary, one that Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, the lawyer in Darmstadt, was reluctant to accept. Everyone who declined a measure of public responsibility must shoulder a share of the blame.

Brentano had been a student in the turbulent years of Hitler's rise. As the German parliament or Reichstag was failing to the gangsters, Brentano was occupied with a doctor's thesis on the juridical role of parliamentary speakers or presidents. In 1932 he assumed his father's law practice.

The family had a tradition of political moderation and culture that extends back at least three hundred years. Its modern members inclined to look on the Nazis as roughnecks with whom they wanted nothing to do. The Nazis, for their part, reciprocated. A Brentano was not the kind for this new and twisted world.

The career of an older brother,

Clemens, now German ambassador in Rome, was interrupted forcibly. A second brother, Bernard, a journalist and novelist, was driven into exile in Switzerland. Heinrich remained in Darmstadt, devoting himself to his law practice and to his aging mother.

Brentano says today there was no single occurrence, no sudden vision that prompted his course at the end of the war. Rather, it was an accumulation of experiences, and, above all, the urging of friends.

"We had been treated too long as the objects of other peoples' programs," he explains. "It was time we took a part ourselves."

Eleven years later, Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, now fifty-two, is foreign minister of the German Federal Republic and a likely candidate to succeed Dr. Konrad Adenauer as chancellor.

Brentano has a modest explanation for his advancement. He cites an ancient bit of Central European folklore.

"If you give the devil a finger," it says, "he will take the whole hand."

Brentano's very first venture into politics, in the strict sense of the word, was "illegal." U. S. forces had occupied

the area of Darmstadt and in the initial phases all public meetings of any sort were forbidden.

The circle to which Brentano belonged gathered furtively in the homes of its members to carry on its discussions.

Even his earliest legal activity was not without its awkward moments. Just as a British brigadier is distinguished for "firing" Dr. Adenauer as lord mayor of Cologne, so it devolved on an American sergeant to turn away Dr. von Brentano, abruptly and unceremoniously, from the Darmstadt headquarters of military government.

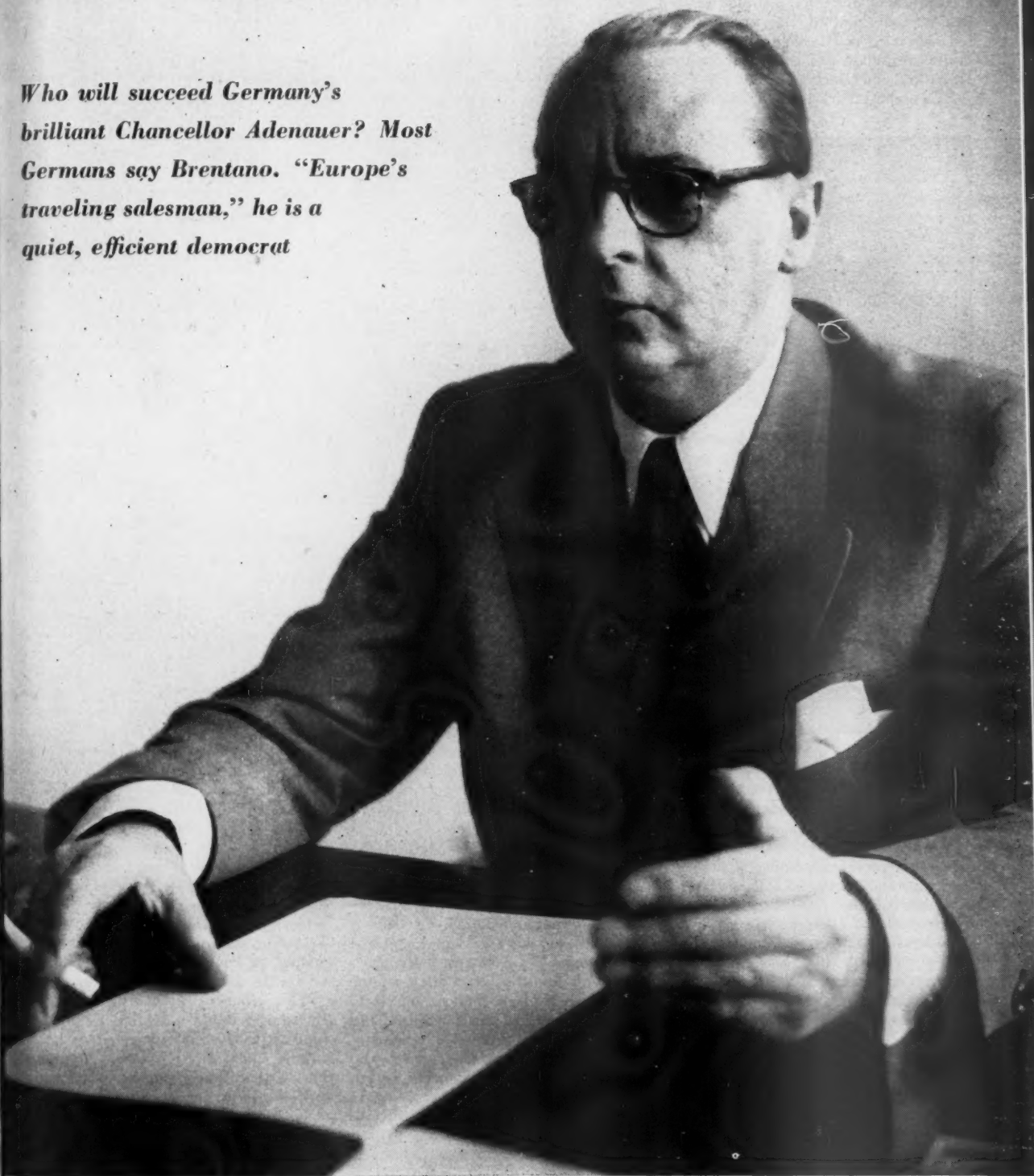
Brentano and four others had arrived at the invitation of an American major to discuss the possibility of founding a Christian Democratic party organization on a Kreis, or county, level. The sergeant knew nothing about it and told them, in the direct fashion of sergeants everywhere, to be on their way. Only later, as the major was trying to learn what had happened to his expected visitors, was the affair resolved, at the expense of some reddened faces. The quintet returned, and the local party was established.

"We didn't know then," Brentano says today, "that similar groups were forming elsewhere throughout Germany. We had no mail and no possibility for travel."

Forging these groups into statewide parties and then into their present

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*Who will succeed Germany's brilliant Chancellor Adenauer? Most Germans say Brentano. "Europe's traveling salesman," he is a quiet, efficient democrat*



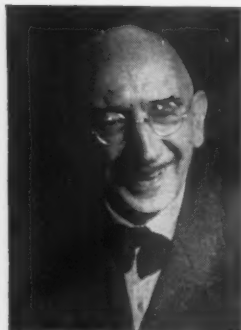
*Black Star Photo*

*Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, Western Germany's Foreign Minister, "can take a strong position very gently"*

national form was a process that would require another six years.

In this steady evolution Brentano has taken a prominent role. He was a member of the first consultative assembly that drafted the constitution for the state of Hesse, which has its capital in Wiesbaden and includes the Frankfurt and Darmstadt areas.

He became chairman of the Christian



**Brentano's possible rival, Fritz Schaeffer (Finance)**



**Another possible rival, Ludwig Erhard (Economics)**

Democrats in Hesse, and on a national level headed a party commission studying possible federal constitutions. In 1947 he was chosen a member of the so-called Bizonal Economic Council, a forerunner of the present Bundestag, or parliament.

In 1948 he was elected to the Parliamentary Council which met in Bonn to draft the "Basic Law" which serves as Western Germany's constitution until some future unification of the country is possible. In 1949 he was elected a member of the first federal legislature, and again in 1953.

Dr. Adenauer was the Christian Democratic party chairman and leader of its caucus or fraction in the first Bundestag. When Dr. Adenauer became chancellor, Dr. von Brentano succeeded to the post of parliamentary leader, a position he held until he was

appointed foreign minister, June 7, 1955.

Dr. Heinrich von Brentano was one of the drafters at Strasbourg of the European constitution that was hailed so highly about four years ago, but has been found in the interval to be too far in advance of its times.

Brentano continues to believe in the necessity of this or some similar organization.

"The destiny of Europe," he says, "depends on the recognition by its peoples that they must work as closely together as possible, or fall back into outdated nationalism."

His political opponents sometimes have sneered at his devotion to this cause. They have labeled him "Europe's traveling salesman." His schedule, in fact, has been one of the busiest, in a period when travel by foreign ministers is far from unusual. In this field alone he has lightened appreciably the burden that was borne in the past by the eighty-year-old chancellor.

Still relatively new in his job, Brentano lacks the suavity and worldliness of some of his opposite numbers and the blunt self-assurance of others. He is not a "character," not the kind of a man around whom legends grow.

In place of these attributes he has another that is one of his major assets. Meeting him socially, or in the course of negotiations, people feel quickly that there is a fundamental decency in the man, a rare and disarming honesty. In Europe's currently fluid state, the importance of this quality is likely to increase.

Brentano's inclination is to find a useful, workable compromise between opposing views. This in turn probably grows from his own political experience, almost all of which has occurred in the give-and-take of elected assemblies. Sometimes, to the subsequent astonishment and confusion of those with whom he deals, this has been mistaken for weakness.

"He can take a strong position very gently," one of his friends has said.

In this, Brentano differs considerably from both of the men on whom the main burden of Western Germany's foreign relationships has fallen in the past. Chancellor Adenauer, for all of his international prestige, essentially is an autocrat. His formative years and much of his adult life were spent in the service of the city of Cologne in an era when German Lord Mayors were virtual kings within their own jurisdiction.

There were many in Bonn at the time of his appointment who questioned whether Brentano could establish his own authority in the foreign ministry. In the ensuing year these doubts have

subsided. Brentano has emerged as more of an individual than most of the other federal ministers who have been longer on the job.

Brentano's foreign program is essentially that of the chancellor, but there are differences. These differences in emphasis and tactics spill over into domestic affairs and help to explain a public opinion poll that astonished many persons in Bonn.

Last December a cross-section of West German voters was asked who they thought would be a successor, should Chancellor Adenauer retire. One in four believed it would be Brentano.

His nearest competitor in the public mind was the ebullient minister of economics, Dr. Ludwig Erhard. He was the choice of 14 per cent of those who were questioned. The man most often tagged by the politicians as the Chancellor's immediate successor, Finance Minister Fritz Schaeffer, polled a mere 6 per cent.

It seems to be Brentano's efforts, for example, that account for the considerable improvement in the atmosphere in which foreign affairs' debates are conducted in the federal parliament.

For the first time, the opposition Social Democrats are not completely on the outside. Brentano, the one-time floor leader, sees nothing extraordinary in an exchange of views with the Socialist leaders. He has made a point of keeping them informed of the government's plans and activities in a way that Adenauer never has.

This broad tolerance and respect for the views of others is important in still another connection. Christian Democracy in its postwar form in Germany is unique among the European parties with similar names and ideals in that it includes both Catholics and Protestants.

This in turn is the outgrowth of the years of Nazi dictatorship. In the face of the common enemy, the religious antagonisms that have marred German history for centuries lost some of their intensity. If decency were to be restored to public and private life, it was felt widely, it would require the combined efforts of all men of good will.

This alliance was a core feature in the growth of the Christian Democratic party. It has been subjected to heavy strains, but so far it stands. Brentano, himself a devout Catholic, speaks earnestly of the necessity of such continuing co-operation in the future. To keep this alliance in being will be the greatest single test of Dr. Adenauer's successor, whoever he may be. The alternative is a broad and highly problematical remodeling of German political patterns.





"Christ of St. John of the Cross," by Dalí. Glasgow Art Gallery.

by **BERTRAND WEAVER, C. P.**

EVERY ONCE in a while you get a look into the souls of those who have forsaken the Christian heritage. Some event occurs which lays bare the minds and hearts of those whose forebears had received the precious gift of Christ's truth but who themselves have lost it. Such an event occurred last fall when a member of the British royal family decided against marriage to a divorced man.

While the Vatican newspaper hailed the statement in which Princess Margaret announced her decision as a "noble message," a prominent newspaper in England expressed the opinion that her rejection of what was popularly regarded as a "romance" would cause a "wave of hostility" toward the Church of England. It was commonly believed that authorities in that establishment had brought pressure on the Princess even though she had made it clear that her own conscience had dictated her decision.

The whole tenor of the newspaper's editorial, which was matched by comments in other British journals, indicated that the editor felt that the church would only be getting what it deserved if such an outbreak of ill-will were to take place. This pagan reaction to a prominent young woman's decision to abide by the law of Christ was echoed by many of the common people. One woman on the streets of London was only expressing the view of thousands of her fellow-pagans when, on reading the news of Margaret's decision, she cried out: "What a shame!"

What they were saying amounted to this: What a shame that this young woman resists temptation to break the law of Christ! What a shame that she does not go along with us in our philosophy of self-indulgence! What a shame that she allows the law of Christ to prevent her from giving full rein to her desires! Such people seem to accept

with deadly seriousness the cynical dictum of Oscar Wilde that the easiest way to get rid of temptation is to give in to it. All this simply confirms the statement of Pius XII that the great evil of our times is the loss of a sense of sin.

There can be no doubt at all that the weakening of a sense of sin has kept pace with the playing down of the Cross by many who still call themselves Christians. This playing down of the Cross is sometimes done even by those who claim to have received a call to preach the Gospel. A minister in New York, for example, ironically used Good Friday as an occasion for protesting against vivid descriptions of the Crucifixion of Our Lord. His argument was that the Evangelists had discreetly passed over the brutal details of the Passion. He ignored the fact that Christian preaching is nothing else than a commentary on the Gospel and an interpretation of it. The Evangelists omitted many details which we try to fill in.

We summon all the arguments possible to help people overcome the temptations which are part of our earthly trial. But is there any stronger argument against succumbing to temptation than the thought of what our consenting to temptation did to the Son of God on the Cross? St. Paul flatly states that those who give way to temptation crucify again to themselves the Saviour of the world.

He tells us what a deterrent from sin the thought of the Cross should be when he says that "if we sin willfully after receiving the truth, there remains no longer sacrifice for sins, but a certain dreadful expectation of judgment. . . . A man making void the Law of Moses dies without any mercy on the word of two or three witnesses; how much worse punishments do you think he deserves who has trodden under foot the Son of God, and has regarded as unclean the blood of the covenant through which he was sanctified. . . .?"

Let us stand under the Cross beside a surgeon who has made a reverent study of the incredible agonies of crucifixion. Doctor Pierre Barbet calls our attention to the torture of cramp, which is probably just one of the torments which have escaped our attention in our considerations of the Cross. Doctor Barbet says: "It is like a wounded man suffering from tetanus, a prey to those horrible spasms which once seen can never be forgotten. It is what we describe as *tetanzation*, when the cramps become generalized. . . . His breathing has become shorter and lighter. . . . The air enters with a whistling sound, but scarcely comes out any longer. He is breathing in the upper regions only. He breathes in a little but cannot breathe

out. He thirsts for air. (It is like someone in the throes of asthma)."

The physician continues: "A flush has gradually spread over His pale face; it has turned a violent purple and then blue. He is *asphyxiating*. His lungs which are filled with air can no longer empty themselves. His forehead is covered with sweat. His eyes are prominent and rolling. What an appalling pain must be hammering in His head!"

"Slowly, with a superhuman effort, He is using the nail through His feet as a fulcrum—that is to say, He is pressing on His wounds. . . . The breathing becomes more ample and moves down to a lower level. . . . Why is He making all this effort? It is in order to speak to us: 'Father, forgive them.' Yes, may He forgive us, we who are His executioners. But a moment later His body begins to sink down once more . . . and the tetanization will come on again."

"And each time that He speaks and each time He wishes to breathe, it will be necessary for Him to straighten Himself, to get back His breath, holding Himself upright on the nail through His feet. And each movement has its echo, in His hands, in inexpressible pain. It is a question of periodical asphyxiation of the poor unfortunate Who is being strangled and then allowed to come back to life, to be choked once more. . . ."

Anybody who could think of all this physical torture and of the mental desolation reflected in the cry of the dying Saviour, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me, and then give way to temptation, must be completely without feeling. No wonder that St. Paul spoke with such fervor when he said to the Galatians: "O foolish Galatians! Who has bewitched you before whom Jesus Christ has been depicted crucified?"

The impact that the thought of the Crucifixion can have on a Catholic conscience is brought out in a powerful passage in *Brideshead Revisited* by Evelyn Waugh. Brideshead, the eldest brother in the English Catholic family about which the novel revolves, forces his sister to face the gravity of the situation in which she has placed herself by marrying one divorced man and consorting with another. The bombshell is a seemingly casual remark about her "living in sin" which he makes to his sister in the presence of the latter of the two men.

Her companion in sin tries to persuade her not to pay any attention to her brother's remark, but she admits that her brother is right. She goes on to show what sin means: "Christ dying with it, nailed hand and foot; hanging over the bed in the night nursery;

hanging year after year in the dark little study at Farm Street with the shining oilcloth; hanging in the dark church where only the old charwoman raises the dust and one candle burns; hanging at noon among the crowds and the soldiers; no comfort but a sponge of vinegar and the kind words of a thief; hanging forever; never the cool sepulcher and the grave clothes spread on the stone slab, never the oil and spices in the dark cave; always the midday sun and the dice clicking for the seamless coat."

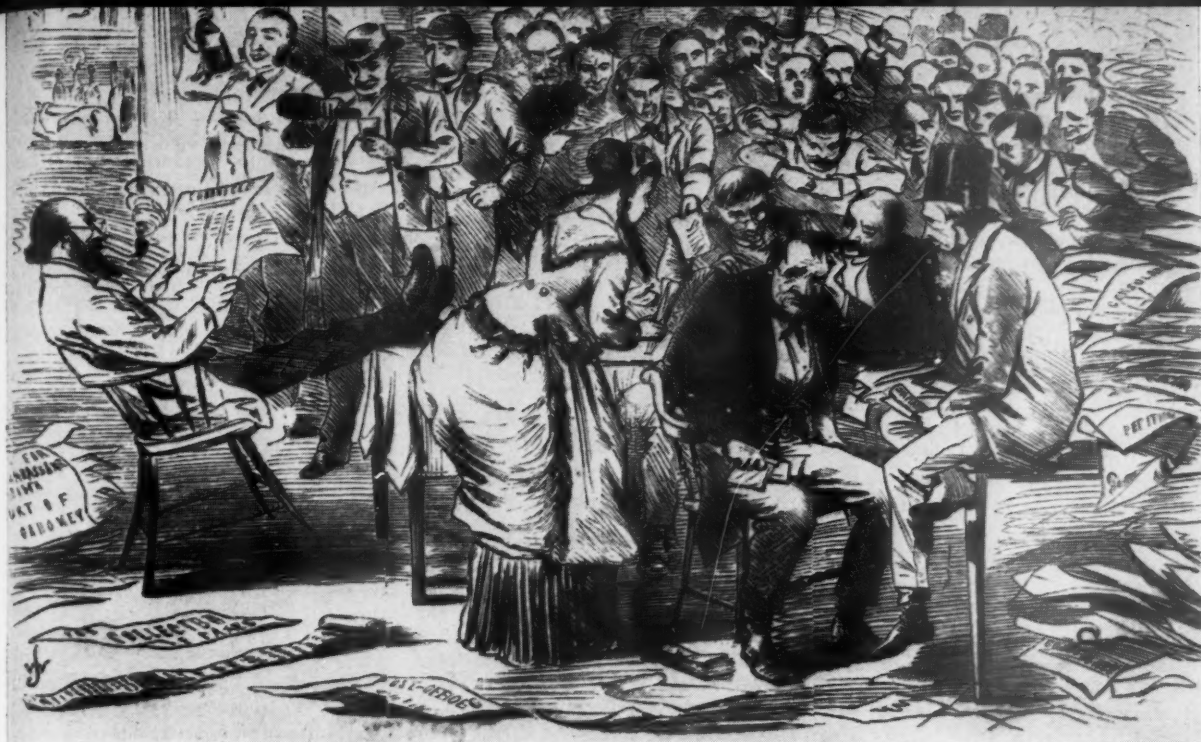
A poet has put into verse what we should all feel about the Cross when the tempter tries to make us forget it:

When fierce temptations threat thy  
soul with loss  
Think on His Passion and the bitter  
pain,  
Think on the mortal anguish of the  
Cross,  
Think on Christ's blood let out at  
every vein,  
Think of His precious heart all rent  
in twain;  
For thy redemption think all this was  
wrought,  
Nor be that lost which He so dearly  
bought.

The Crucifixion brings into play a multiplicity of motives for striving to overcome every temptation, great or small. How can we be worthy of our heroic Redeemer if we show cowardice in time of battle? How can we consider ourselves anything but Judases if we betray Him when tempted to seek unlawful pleasure or gain? How can we pretend that we wish to make a return of love for love if we fail to heed in time of temptation His words: "If you love Me, keep My commandments?"

There is no state which is worse than that of those who, through habitual sinning, have lost a sense of sin. The safest way to avoid such a state is to cultivate a consciousness of sin such as the saints developed. Nobody can fail to see that the saints, who are the only complete Christians, derived their overwhelming sense of sin mainly from the contemplation of the Crucified. Their realization of the heinousness of sin grew with their understanding of the meaning of the Cross.

We have all heard that haunting Negro spiritual: *Were you there when they crucified my Lord?* We were not there physically, but there is a timelessness about the Crucifixion, and we can be there constantly in spirit. Going there in spirit every day is the best possible way to prepare for those inevitable temptations which can be occasions of either loss or gain both for time and for eternity.



Bettmann Archico

Old cartoon of a congressman surrounded by lobbyists from home

# ABOUT THOSE LOBBYISTS

Historically, lobbying has been anything from an expert consulting service to outright bribery or blackmail. Now the Senate feels something should be done to crack down on it

by PAUL F. HEALY



Caricature of Sam Ward

**WHAT IS** A lobbyist? Webster defines lobbyists as "the persons, collectively, who frequent the lobbies of a legislative house to transact business with the legislators esp. in the effort to influence the proceedings by personal agency."

In Washington there is a cynical definition of a lobbyist as "anyone who works for a bill you are against." A popular conception of a lobbyist is probably that of an expensively dressed man whispering in the ear of a senator just outside the Senate chamber before the voting starts or plying a senator with drinks in a hotel suite a block from the Capitol.

This attitude has come down from the days when lobbyists were more colorful, less inhibited, and so powerful they were referred to as the "third house of Congress." In 1889 *Puck Magazine* published Keppler's now historic "Bosses of the Senate" cartoon. It de-

picted senators at their desks, glancing back at massive figures in silk topers standing at the rear of the chamber and labeled "Steel Trust," "Copper Trust," "Standard Oil Trust," etc. The "Peoples' Entrance" to the galleries was barred and padlocked and bore the sign "closed."

The cartoon was justifiable as the result of some gaudy revelations. Agents of robber baron Jay Gould were reported to have "offered one member of Congress \$1,000 cash down, \$5,000 when the bill was passed, and \$10,000 of the bonds" to approve a railroad route across the continent. A "contingent fee" of \$10,000 was paid by Samuel Colt to a congressman whom he had asked to aid him in securing an extension of patents, plus "handsome Colt revolvers" and "food and drink" for other legislators who worked for the extension.

There is no doubt that the term "lobbyist" still connotes something less than the highest profession. There is a general impression, in fact, that a lobbyist, like a bookie, is engaged in a remunerative but slightly shady calling. Early this year, on the *Youth Wants to Know* television program, Sen. John Kennedy was asked, apparently in all innocence: "Senator, have you ever been approached by a lobbyist?"

Kennedy smilingly replied that lobbyists approach him all the time and can serve a useful function in Congress. He explained that generally there are pressure groups working on both sides of an important bill, and they are better informed on its details than most of the busy legislators. By questioning all of them a senator can inform himself on the implications and workings of the bill and more easily make up his mind.



In this instance, Kennedy obviously was not referring to those lobbyists who offer something more substantial than arguments to sway a vote. The latter type usually start off with high-minded reasons why the bill should be passed—or defeated—but always end up with the carefully casual remark: "By the way, senator, it looks like you'll have a close race this year and may be needing some campaign contributions. We're not sure yet whether we'll go into your state or not. . . ."

However, no flagrant bribes, or attempts to bribe, have been reported as such in recent years. Lobbyists have become more subtle and in so doing they have gone at least part way toward respectability. For one thing, they are supposed to register under the Lobbying Act and list how much they are paid, by whom and for what legislation.

But even when a lobbyist registers, the chances are he does not go around Washington introducing himself as a lobbyist. He would prefer to be known as an attorney, if he is one, or as a "legislative representative," just as a press agent will pompously describe himself as a "public relations counselor."

Perhaps for this reason, lobbyists are shy about taking credit—publicly, that is—for the bills they have helped pass or block. Such reticence obscures the fact that the power of the lobby is still as real—and just as hard to see—as electricity. During recent Democratic Congresses, the American Medical Association prevented passage of a compulsory health insurance bill it labeled "socialized medicine." The AMA, one of the most powerful lobbies in the United States, is effective at "grass roots lobbying." The objective of the "grass roots" technique is to so arouse the public—through speeches, handouts, newspaper advertisements, pamphlets, etc.—that citizens will agree to bombard Congress with letters, telegrams, and telephone calls. In some cases, they have been organized well enough to march on Washington.

Lobbying, like the politicians it pressures, makes strange bedfellows. In 1955, the defeat of the highway construction bill was blamed on the trucking lobby, which was fighting a discriminatory tax rate the bill would have imposed on trucks. But fighting side by side with the truckers was the American Association of Railroads, which, unlike the truckers, didn't want any highway bill at all. To make this coalition even stranger, the railroad management had enlisted the support of the railroad unions, which were persuaded that what was good for rubber-tired transportation was bad for their future job security.

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Consider a "box score" of spending by the biggest lobbies between 1952-55 inclusive. High up on the list were the American Federation of Labor (\$469,220), the Congress of Industrial Organizations (\$231,906), and the National Association of Post Office Clerks (\$412,684). It was no surprise to Washington observers that the National Association of Electric Companies headed the box score with a total reported expenditure of \$1,251,220.

Despite these figures for single organizations, the gas and oil interests are regarded as the most potent lobby on the national scene. This group is not only well supplied with funds; it can count on numerous "built-in lobbyists"—including the top leaders of both parties in the Senate and House—as a hard core.

Nonetheless, part of the oil lobby overplayed its hand this year. President Eisenhower accordingly vetoed the bill to lift federal controls from natural gas producers because of the "questionable activities" of some "arrogant lobbyists." He was referring to the \$2500 cash campaign offer ineptly and indirectly made to Sen. Francis Case—and a few other senators—by a pro-gas bill lobbyist. (The Federal Corrupt Practices Act makes it a felony to try to "influence" a vote through a gift.)

Eisenhower's sizzling veto message embarrassed the Senate into its current investigation, one of the most sweeping in its history. The six-man "select" committee started off with more money—\$250,000—than any previous Senate investigation, and it is authorized to look into any type of "improper" influence on Congress. By broadening the scope so as to include both lobbying and its sometime close relative, campaign contributions, the Senate was touching itself on a delicate sore spot. As the special Senate report on the Case incident pointed out, the business of lobbying and the business of kicking in to political campaigns each is proper in itself. But, punned the report, "like oil and water—they do not mix."

What, if anything positive, will come of this potentially explosive probe is a matter of interested speculation in Washington. Once it had piously authorized the self-investigation, the Senate moved to apply brakes to prevent it from emulating a "runaway grand jury." After some behind-the-scenes maneuvering about rules, the chairmanship was jockeyed away from Senator Albert

Gore, the eager-beaver Tennessee zealot who had proposed and plumped for the wide-open investigation. Instead, it went to Senator John McClellan, the veteran Arkansas investigator who had voted for the gas bill. The real fear in the Senate is that placing too big a committee spotlight on campaign contributors might "dry up" heavy contributions just when the election is coming up.

Significantly, the first witness at the hearings, one Maston Nixon, chairman of the General Gas Committee, testified that his group did not lobby a single senator, made no contributions, and spent nothing at all on entertainment! The \$119,800 the group spent in behalf of the gas bill, Nixon testified, all went for "literature."

Regardless of protestations of innocence, the lobbying both for and against the gas bill was the most intensive Capitol Hill had seen in a long time. The pressure centered on the undecided senators, such as Case—whose votes were vital in what was considered a touch-and-go situation. Sen. Mike Mansfield of Montana, a gas-producing state, said that the lobby pressure on him stands out vividly in his thirteen years in Congress and that he lost nine or ten pounds before he finally decided to vote for the bill. Sen. Charles Potter, of Michigan, commented that never in his eight years in Congress had he experienced anything equal to the "giant, professional promotion" in favor of the bill. Friends in Michigan were asked to intercede with Potter and some who came to him conceded frankly that they didn't know anything about the merits of the bill.

"A friend just asked me to call on you," they would say, and Potter never did find out who the "friend" was.

Lobbying against the bill by consumer groups and local utility companies—who feared that passage would raise gas prices—was also well organized and strong. Sen. James Murray, of Montana, said he had never felt the pressure so heavy from both sides since the 1935 public utility holding company fight, a classic example of lobbying. A Congressional investigation later revealed that 14,000 telegrams sent members of Congress in behalf of the bill had been signed with names taken from telephone directories and that all but three of the 14,000 had been paid for by the utilities.

As a result, both houses of Congress passed lobbying registration bills, but the legislation died in a Senate-House conference to reconcile them. Why was it killed? Because of the lobbying against it, naturally.

Not until 1946 was a Lobby Registration Act passed, but it was hastily thrown together and has as many holes





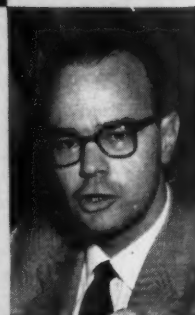
**Senator Case of So. Dakota in the years before the gas bill lobby**



**Senator Case at the time gas lobbyists were applying pressure to him**



**Senator McClellan of Arkansas, Chairman of lobby investigators**



**Potter of Michigan, pressured by "giant, professional promotion"**



**Kennedy of Massachusetts: Good lobbying can help legislators**



**Mansfield of Montana: Gas lobbyists were ten pounds off him**

as a sieve. Among its weaknesses are that it is vaguely worded, it provides for no enforcement agency, and it does not require a registrant to reveal exactly how his funds are spent. Senator Kennedy, who has made an exhaustive study of the act as chairman of a Senate subcommittee, says:

"As a result, many engaged in lobbying have not registered, nor do all those who do register file realistic reports. The best evidence of this is that the total expenses reported for lobbying have decreased from \$10 million in 1950 to \$4 million for 1955—and this despite the very obvious increase in the intensity of lobbying in Congress."

It follows that since there are more bills in Congress than ever before, there is more lobbying afoot. The lobby "dodge" is a rewarding sanctuary for lame-duck legislators who, as the saying goes, "never go back to Pocatello." A recent check showed that 66 ex-congressmen are now registered as lobbyists. Some of them are also registered as agents of foreign governments, who pay them handsomely for their work in the halls of the Capitol.

The advantages of hiring former members of Congress are many: they know how bills get passed, they have the privilege of the floor, they can call key law-makers by their first names, and they know just how far they can go with face-to-face "influence."

One of the most appealing gambits is that used on, say, a senator with whom an ex-senator was once buddy-buddy. The "ex" will chat easily in the senator's office and then remark candidly: "Look, Tom, I don't know what you think of the arguments for this bill, but if it gets through I'll stand to make enough on my contingent fee to put Jim Jr. through his first year of college."

Methods change. The most effective lobbyists today steer clear of lobbies. And the formal dinner party, the old-time lobbyist's standby, has undergone refinement. During the gas bill debate, one senator found himself at several dinners where he turned out to be the only member of Congress present. As the evening wore on, one or another of his friends—or even a casual acquaintance—kept coming up to inquire off-handedly: "Are you for the gas bill, senator?" or "Do you think the bill will get through?" While no arguments were pressed on him, the senator sensed a steady build-up of cumulative pressure that was decidedly unpleasant.

Whatever the excesses committed by some lobbyists today, its practitioners seem to have advanced a long way, for the good of all concerned. In the Civil War days, needy members of Congress were allowed to win at cards at Pendle-

*Harris & Ewing*

ton's gambling house, which was within walking distance of the Capitol. This gilt-edged establishment nightly included senators, congressmen, and candidates for the presidency surrounded by the so-called "master workmen of the third house," the lobbyists. Pendleton himself was a lobbyist and his place came to be known as the "vestibule of the lobby."

According to one chronicler, Pendleton "assisted in the passage of many useful bills of a private nature, involving considerable sums of money." His emporium was known by fleeced law-makers as the "Hall of the Bleeding Heart."

The prettiest lobbyists have been the ladies in the trade who, in the eighties, operated boarding houses in Washington and were famous for their midnight suppers of broiled oysters, iced champagne, and soothing music.

Sam Ward, the so-called "King of the Lobby" who flourished after the Civil War, used to say he operated on the theory that "the way to a man's 'aye' is through his stomach." Actually, Ward, though a first-rate gourmet, used much more ingenious methods than fine wines and delicacies when necessary. Once, he wrote jubilantly to his good friend, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

"When I see you again I will tell you how a client, eager to prevent the arrival at a (Congressional) committee of a certain member before it should adjourn at noon, offered me \$5000 to accomplish his purpose, which I did, by having his boots mislaid while I smoked a cigar and condoled with him until they would be found at 11:45. I had the satisfaction of a good laugh, a good fee in my pocket, and of having prevented a conspiracy."

Ward was a freelance lobbyist with a sense of humor about his vocation. He was aware that it was not in keeping with a distinguished background and family that included Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." He once echoed the line of every lobbyist—but with his tongue in his cheek—when he wrote a friend:

"I quite agree with you that professional lobbying is not commendable. But I have endeavored to make it respectable by avoiding all measures without merit."

As long as there are legislators, lobbyists will gather around them like flies at a cube of sugar—and properly so. The Constitution gives its citizens the right to petition, collectively as well as individually. For the protection of the public and the lawmakers, however, the flies should be put under glass. The best way to do that is to pass a fully enforceable, full disclosure law, making it clear who's doing what to whom.

I had been gone a long time. Now I was coming back to a wife and a child I hardly knew. Would they want me?

# The

By FRANK BENNETT

"WELL, SON," the porter said, "you're almost home."

"Yeah," I said, looking out at the moving darkness and feeling a touch of panic. "It won't be long now."

But it's a long trip by boat and rail from a small village in Germany to the middle of the U.S.A. On a trip like that, you have time for thinking; and I'd been thinking, all right. I'd been thinking about the girl I was coming home to and wondering what it was going to be like for both of us. But when the train began to slow for our town, Donahue, named after my great-great-grandfather, I still wasn't sure of anything.

Her name was Christina Nelson. No—it was Christina Nelson Donahue, but I could hardly realize it after being away from her so long. And I wasn't sure I wanted to come back to her, or that she'd want me back.

"Happy homecoming, son," the porter said, handing down my bags.

My grandfather was waiting for me on the depot platform. He stood among a dozen others who'd come to watch the train roll in and roll out. A ramrod straight, old man, inches taller than the others. A man of seventy-seven, his brown face carved by wind, sun, and rain, his bushy hair looking like a burst cotton bat. He saw me the moment I stepped down, and his bright blue eyes seemed to grow even brighter. Shouldering the others aside, he strode alone toward me, his big bony hands outstretched.

"Jess!" he shouted, and then shook my hand so hard my whole arm ached. He pushed me back and studied me, frowning with the upper half of his face, smiling with the lower half. "You ain't changed hardly a bit boy!" he said above the clang of milk cans and shipping crates. "Kind of bigger looking somehow, though. Like as if army life gave you a chance to stretch."

Our eyes were on a level. All Donahue men are tall and wide-shouldered. Football big, they used to say about me on the sport pages. I've got that bushy

hair, too—coppery red—and the blue eyes to go with it. And when I'm seventy-seven, I'll probably look like the old man. Leathery-skinned, bony-jawed, gaunt—unless I die before my time like my father did. But I wasn't thinking of these things, or paying much attention to my grandfather. I was looking beyond him, trying to see into the darkness; and he guessed what I was looking for.

"Chris changed her mind about coming with me at the last minute," he said.

I thought, "So she's in no hurry to see me." And I wasn't sure whether I was sorry or glad.

"She decided she'd stay home and be there with the Big Feller when you arrived."

"Big Feller?"

"The kid." The old man grinned and gave me a poke in the ribs. "Your son. Here, boy, let me have them bags."

He took my two suitcases away from me and headed across the cinder platform. They were heavy, but he carried them as if they were weightless. He led me to a new station wagon, flung my luggage into the back and climbed in under the wheel.

"Your son, Lew Donahue, The Third," he said. "I call him Big Feller because that name fits him."

I hadn't thought much about the baby on the way home. In fact, I couldn't even make myself really believe there was a baby. Chris had sent me snapshots—some of her and the baby, some of the baby alone. But he was something I'd never touched or experienced and, therefore, couldn't believe in.

I climbed in and sat down beside the old man; and it was with me again, that feeling of panic. A notion that I was trapped by a girl and a baby who meant nothing to me, and to whom I meant just as little.

My grandfather zoomed out of the parking space and swung down Main. He ran the only stoplight—he didn't believe in the "fool thing" for a small

town like Donahue; and if he'd had his way, the light would never have been installed. But for once, he didn't get his way, although he'd fought with the State Highway Supervisor and then with the Governor.

"Your kid's a husky," he said. "Fifteen months old and—but wait till you see him."

"One look at me and he'll probably yell his head off," I said. "He'll wonder who that big ape is."

My grandfather shook his white head. "Lew ain't the crying kind, Jess." He gave me a grin and a nudge. "Likely he'll learn to cuss before he learns to say his own name—he's that much like you."

"What can you expect, associating with you?"

He laughed as if that pleased him. By then, we were out of town and lunging along the blacktop road.

"What'll Chris think about him learning to swear?" I asked wonderingly, because I knew so little about her. "What does she think of the Donahues, anyway, now that she's been around them for a couple years?"

"Don't believe I ever heard her say." He grinned. "You know—she's kind of quiet and shy." I'd forgotten that. I'd known Chris such a short time and had forgotten so much of the little I'd learned about her. "But I reckon she likes us some," the old man went on. "Anyway, she puts up with me and the others, including your Aunt Bess."

Aunt Bess was the only mother I could remember. I'd come to the big house to live right after my own mother had died when I was less than a year old.

"How is Aunt Bess?" I asked.

"That woman!" He snorted angrily. "She's crazy about your kid. Won't hardly let me touch him. Says I'll spoil him like I spoiled you."

I thought about that. Of old Lew Donahue spoiling me. He'd put me to work as soon as I was big enough to walk from the house to the barn. He'd spent most of his spare time,

# Homecoming





trying to knock some sense into me. And he'd made me earn half my college expenses, even if the Donahues had money running out of their ears—that's how he'd spoiled me.

But suddenly I realized we were rattling across the Donahue Creek bridge. Now on both sides of the road was Donahue land, and I sat up a little straighter. It was good land, the very best. It was my heritage. I was proud to be a Donahue, and the full moon flooding the great valley made it all so beautiful that I felt a lump in my throat. But still I was scared of what lay ahead.

We came to the Donahue school, a low, slab-sided building a hundred years old. My grandfather had gone to school there, and so had I. I said a little angrily, "Why did Chris take the school again this year? Is she afraid I won't look after her and the kid?"

The old man gave me a startled look. "No, I reckon not," he answered. "She likes to teach. Wants to keep busy. With Bess and the Stoner woman to look after the house and the Big Feller, she—"

But I'd stopped listening. I didn't really care why Chris was teaching again. I was staring at the old school and remembering how it had begun.

It had begun the day before Christmas while old Red and I were hunting rabbits. I simply wanted to walk along the cliffs and through the timber—the rabbit hunting was the excuse. I knew it might be several years before I would spend another Christmas at home and was saddened by the thought.

It was snowing that day when I stepped out from among the oaks and hickories to look at the old school and remember back when I was a kid. Red ran on ahead, a big, awkward stumble-bum, not much good for anything except being my dog. My grandfather had found him one long ago day, a stray, big footed pup with wash-board ribs and sad, wistful eyes. Now, after all these years of being my dog, he was growing old and stiff. I whistled, but he went on around the school house.

I wandered to the well and pumped myself a drink. When I looked up, there she was, this girl, standing in the doorway, watching me out of shadowy eyes under the longest, darkest eyelashes I'd ever seen.

She wore a green plaid skirt and a sweater—I didn't remember the color of the sweater; and the big snowflakes were drifting down on her smoky-dark hair and turning to glistening jewels. She was slender and arrow-straight and unsmiling. I'd never seen her before, but something about her made me move toward her.

"I'm Jess Donahue," I said.

I couldn't remember what her smile was like, but she'd smiled.

"Donahue, Donahue," she said as if the word gave her a small pain. "Everything around here, from a town to half the people, is named Donahue. Now, what's the matter with Smith or Jones—" She had small even teeth, and her skin made me think of milk-white satin. "I'm Christina Nelson," she said as an afterthought.

At that moment, old Red came trotting up to her. Usually he didn't go for strangers, but he liked Chris.

"Your dog?" she asked, rubbing his ears gently.

I nodded and watched the way a gust of wind twisted her skirt about her knees. She'd smiled up at me and said, "I suppose you've named your dog Donahue, too."

All these things, I could remember about her as my grandfather and I rode homeward. The long, dark eyelashes and the milky-white skin. The snow melting in her hair. Her skirt blowing about her knees. But Chris herself no longer seemed real.

"What are your plans?" my grandfather asked.

"PLANS?" It was hard to make the jump from the dim past to the present.

"What are you and Chris going to do now?" He was impatient with my slow-wittedness. "Stay on with Bess and me at Hillcrest? Live in town? Do you want to work in the Donahue bank? Or would you rather help manage the farms?"

"Working in a bank would drive me nuts," I answered.

I let it go at that, for I was feeling frightened again. I lifted my eyes and saw the lights of the old home at the top of the great, rocky cliff. A house made of brick and stone and oak beams carved from great trees that had begun to grow on Donahue land long before my great-great-grandfather had homesteaded the valley. A three-story house it was, with a great spread of windows overlooking the cliff; and there burned a light behind every window. Lights of welcome; and I could picture clearly my Aunt Bess as she must have gone hurrying from room to room, humming happily and switching on one light after another for my homecoming. But I couldn't picture clearly Chris in my mind's eye. That was when I knew for sure that I wasn't ready to go to her.

"Stop the car!" I shouted. "Stop it!"

Startled, the old man jammed on the brakes. I flung the door open and leaped out; and he yelled. "What's hit you, Jess?"

"I'm going to walk the rest of the way," I answered.

"Walk?" I could feel his astonishment turning to anger. "It'll take you a good twenty minutes longer to walk! I'd think you'd be in such a hurry to see that girl—I'd think—"

"It's like this," I broke in. "All the time I've been away, I've been promising myself I'd climb the cliff trail to the house on my first visit home. Just happened to remember that and—"

"You're lying!" he shouted. "For some reason, you're in no hurry to see your wife and baby!"

"There's lots of time for seeing them," I yelled back. "But there's only this first time to climb. So—"

"Is something wrong between you and Chris?"

"I just want to walk," I said doggedly.

Not saying any more, he went slamming through the gears and roaring off along the road to show his anger and disapproval.

FOR a moment, I stood there, grinning and watching the lights disappear. The old man hadn't changed. He still took his anger out on whatever was at hand. Then I looked at the glowing windows again, and my face began to feel stiff. I tried to think what it was going to be like, living up there or any place with a strange girl and a kid who was nothing more to me than a picture and a name.

"You don't have to go any farther," I said to myself. "Just turn around and walk the other way." But I kept walking on toward the cliff.

"She doesn't want to see you any more than you want to see her," I told myself bitterly. "She didn't even meet you at the depot." But something drove me on.

"Jess Donahue," I asked, "how'd you and this girl get into a mess like this?"

The answer was easy.

Chris had been pretty much alone in the world all her life and that Christmas she'd expected to spend the day in Donahue by herself. I took a dim view of that. Walking with her along the road toward town through the softly falling snow, I told her it seemed a shame for anyone to be alone on Christmas Day.

She looked at me out of startled eyes. "But I'm used to being alone," she'd said.

"We always have a big Christmas whing-ding at our house," I told her. "I'll pick you up in the morning, and you'll eat dinner with the Donahues."

She shook her head and said she wouldn't want to intrude on a family dinner. Especially at Christmas time, she added.

I laughed at her. "Intrude? Don't kid



yourself. There'll be from seventy-five to a hundred assorted relatives there, guzzling eggnog, stuffing themselves with food and trying to out-brag each other. You can't intrude on a mob like that. Anyway, half of 'em won't know the other half, so they'll think you're just another Donahue.

"Don't tell me I can pass for a Donahue," she said, laughing at me.

I looked at her and grinned again. She looked about as much like a Donahue as I looked like an African pygmy. I shook my head. "We'll claim you're a Donahue by marriage. It will be better that way, anyway. If they think you're married, the Donahue wolves won't be so apt to eat you up."

She'd laughed again. "Sounds exciting."

So the next morning, I went after her in the car.

**D**URING the week, we went dancing and horseback riding. We took a long walk through the woods and went ice skating on Lake Donahue. After I returned to college, I missed her. Don't ask me why, but I did. I saw her again at Easter; and when it came time for me to go back to the Ag College, I didn't want to go without her.

"Marry me, Chris," I said. I hadn't intended to say it, but once it was said, I knew it was what I wanted. "Quit teaching this old school and go back with me. That'll give us at least three months together before I have to go away."

"Aren't you rushing things a bit?" she'd said, looking surprised. "We scarcely know each other."

So I went back to the Ag without her. But in June, she came with Aunt Bess and my grandfather to watch the dean hand me a diploma. I was so glad to see her I'd wanted to stand up and yell.

We were just kids, Chris and I. Twenty-one, and it was spring. We went dancing that night, but didn't stay very long.

We drove for miles through the country, not knowing or caring where we were going. We kept going until the road began to follow the shore of a lake. I stopped the car in the driveway to a deserted cabin, and we climbed down to some great white boulders at the edge of the water. There, we were as alone as any two people could ever hope to be.

Gray dawn was just beginning to show in the east when I said, "We could have a whole week together before I leave."

"You still haven't told me you love me," she said.

"Do I have to?" I kidded.

"Yes," she answered, but she wasn't kidding.

We'd forgotten it takes three days

to get a marriage license, so we had only four days before I left. Four days is not much. It doesn't give you a lot to remember. I knew that now as I walked slowly through the timber.

When I glanced up, I saw that I was so close to the cliff that I couldn't see the house. But I could hear. The lonely clang of a distant cowbell—I'd forgotten there were such things as cowbells. The slam of a door—old Lew must have just gotten home. The bark of a dog—not old Red's bark, I knew, for I could remember the sound of his bark better than I could remember my wife's voice!

I halted, for now I'd come to the clearing at the base of the cliff. The moonlight fell against the jagged rocks, making a patchwork of lights and shadows. I could see where the trail left the cliff and circled toward the place where I stood in the darkness.

For a moment, everything was very quiet. Then I heard the rattle of a stone, and looking up, I saw two figures emerge from shadows into moonlight. A girl and a dog. But before I could

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**• A husband is really broken in when he can understand every word his wife isn't saying.—Saturday Evening Post**

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breathe again, they were lost in a blacker shadow than the first.

A few moments later, however, they came out of the darkness at the foot of the cliff. They walked unhurriedly past a tumble of white boulders into the bright moonlight; and I stood very still, watching, feeling my heart begin to hammer painfully against the tightness of my throat.

Her hair was as black as tar against the background of a moon-splashed boulder, and she was taller than I remembered her to be. She wore a white dress, but her arms and throat and face were a whiter white than her dress.

Suddenly I remembered that this was where we'd really said good-by. Our farewell at the depot had been an act, for everything that mattered had been said here at the foot of the cliff. Strange that I should have forgotten. The big old house had been full of visitors that night, and Chris and I had slipped away to come down here to be alone. Just like we'd slipped away from the crowd on graduation night and had driven to a distant and unknown lake.

Old Red had followed us. Rather, he'd followed me, for he was my dog and somehow seemed to know I was going away. He'd put his head on my knee, and I'd said, "Take good care of her,

boy. Until I get back, you're her dog, and she's your girl. Understand?"

Looking at her now, I began to remember the little things about her. The things that gave her shape and substance and reality.

I remembered the faint huskiness in her voice. The feel of her warm, slim fingers in mine. The tiny squint about her eyes when she laughed or looked closely at anything.

She had a little cowlick on the back of her dark head that annoyed her. "If the darned thing would only make up its mind!" she'd say when she combed her hair.

There was quite a scar on her right knee. "Got that roller skating," she'd said.

Now I remembered that she always smelled as clean as clover on a dewy morning. She liked strawberry sodas. Driving a car made her nervous, even if she was a good driver. She always poured water into her coffee to cool it. And I'd never heard her say a mean thing about anyone or seen her lose her temper.

Staring across the clearing at her, it came to me with a jolt why I'd wanted to marry her before I went away. I'd wanted her to come home to. But even if I knew that, I was still uncertain of Chris and our future together. I moved deeper into the darkness, and a dry stick snapped loudly under my weight. Old Red lifted his shaggy head and growled, and Chris halted to stare intently in my direction.

**I**T was then I remembered how her eyes looked when she cried.

"Darn it, Chris," I'd said, giving her a rough shake. "stop thinking about the going away! Just think about the homecoming. And how about us meeting here? Here where we can say hello alone? If I get here first, I'll wait for you by these boulders. And if you get here first—"

I'd forgotten, but Chris had remembered; and, perhaps, being unsure of the future, too, and a little frightened, she'd come here, hoping I'd remember, wanting our first meeting shared by no one. That was why she hadn't come with the old man to meet me in town. Suddenly I wasn't afraid of anything.

"Remember me?" I said, stepping out into the open. "I'm Jess Donahue."

At the sound of my voice, old Red came bounding toward me. But Chris stood perfectly still for a thousand years. Then she said, her voice husky and breaking some. "Donahue, Donahue! Everything around here's named Donahue. Now, take Smith or Jones—"

Then she was laughing and crying and fitting herself into my arms as if she'd never been out of them.

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Conversion of a Censor

IN EVERY LAND women are interesting. I have no doubt of that, but I do take an especial joy in the, so to speak, interestingness of the women of my own. Even the indomitable Mr. Wylie with his formidable denunciation of several years ago now writes—of all things—an article of fuller explanation of his erstwhile strong feelings about the weak sex in *This Week*, and for Mother's Day! More than that, he now lays a tribute at the feet of a lot of mothers, reserving his previous *Generation of Vipers* feelings for selfish elderly mothers. We all know about them; we know there are some possessive, selfish mothers, but, as I recall, in his earlier diatribes he was pretty inclusive.

I would not call his present tribute to mothers of the land exactly overwhelming even yet; it is not orchids he bought for us at the florists'. But even a modest little bunch of pansies for thoughts and rue for the thinking he laid on too thick is welcome, and I am sure his little bouquet was pleasant. But I still think he was lucky that the generation of female vipers, as he called us, didn't turn around and bite him.

So much for Mr. Wylie and us, his pet hates until on this glorious Mother's Day of 1956 he announced his conversion.

Let us leave him to his happier thoughts and come to another subject about women—and that is hats. There is little doubt that the odd things fomented by the fashion folks this spring were something to stare at and wonder about, something to draw a laugh from men, who long ago stopped wearing those powdered wigs and big plumes. Several hats in the more expensive fashion magazines would have made a Gibson girl jealous—wide-brimmed affairs, loaded with swathings of materials, fruits, and flowers, brightly colored and marvelously made, many of them looking as if their base were the headgear of prelates of an Eastern rite. I anticipated a good time whenever I went to the city, looking at the headgear of the year. And what happened? The hats stayed in the fashion books and in store windows. And everywhere I see attractive hats, most of them small, as they have been for years, and in some of the shops the outsize oddities are already on "Reduced" counters.

So we do not stampede any more, if we ever really did. We think our way through hats and politics too. Most of our women in the League of Women Voters are thinking lots of things through. Some wear the elephant as mascot and some the donkey, and there is never a partial statement in their literature; you make up your own mind. There are some in the country who by peering closely see the hammer and sickle there too. It may be so, but that is not a reason for leaving the organization. Rather it is a reason, if there is any truth in the rumor, for getting more members who don't like the hammer and sickle and want to throw it out.

## Women Like Technology

IN THE CATHOLIC MESSENGER, that really excellent Catholic newspaper, there has been discussion of a lecture given in Davenport by a Jesuit, on the thesis that everything, excluding sin itself, is consecrated since the Incarnation and the Redemption: that it is up to man to carry on the creative

and constructive and glorifying action of God, and that this includes technological advances. One man wrote a letter which objected to this and several of the ladies promptly backed up the Jesuit. Said one spirited letter, "I could be pessimistic about progress if I were not so vividly aware that in any other period of history a lower middle class woman like myself would not even know how to read and write and would be doomed to a short life of unending drudgery. I'll take running hot water and time to read over anything the Elizabethan period had to offer."

The critic had refused to include technological progress as something consecrated. But to the Jesuit and also to the clear-thinking ladies, who are thankful for what this has brought them, it is, or at least has the possibility of becoming, with right use, a blessed thing.

## Women Tell the Builders

IT IS ALSO true that women know what they want in technological advances and want men to know it. A few weeks ago in Washington, there was held a Woman's Congress on Housing—103 women, delegates from all over the country, who came to state their views on what they wanted in the way of a house. Some of the Congressmen had objected to this waste of the nation's resources, but I doubt if it cost more than a few dozen trips to Europe to see how people live over there. I don't really think our congressmen, by and large, would get an E for economy as housekeepers.

The women all agreed that they wanted a house that would give freedom from drudgery, but they were careful not to define a standard house, having no doubt, like the rest of us, seen too many of those little unending and entirely alike rows of houses. It was their first decision of all; no house should be standard in design. And they didn't want the builders to load them with gadgets either; they wanted to get what they wanted themselves.

Houses were to cost from ten to fifteen thousand, and on this they based their suggestions. Most of them wanted three bedrooms and one and a half baths, a kitchen and a family room and also a parlor-living room, or what was labeled a "quiet room." They wanted no picture windows unless they looked out on a picture of grass and trees or hills and not on a busy, car-crowded street.

The quiet room was their idea of a living room where grownups could sit and be quiet; the family room was one where the offspring did not have to keep quiet. And nearly all wanted a dining room—that one room which has been often pushed almost out of existence or a pale substitute offered—a dinette alcove or a folding table in the living room.

Last and very interesting to note, these women wanted their schools smaller and built nearer the home. How right they are. The great school structures of today often look like factories. Sunlight they have and the hygiene is better, but in these great hives from which students pour out by thousands something is lost which smaller schools can better foster—maybe our prized individualism. As Pius XII said in his Christmas message: "Every plan or program must be inspired by the principle that man, as subject, guardian, or promoter of human values, is more important than mere things."

# STAGE and SCREEN



Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab pursues his nemesis, the white whale, in "Moby Dick"

by JERRY COTTER

Herman Melville's **MOBY DICK** fills the wide screen with a full quota of thrills and a collection of exceptionally beautiful seascapes. A durable classic, which has entranced generations of teen-age adventure lovers, this latest screen version is exciting and robust, even though the climax is familiar.

Filmed off the coast of Youghal, Ireland, the sea sequences literally shake the screen as Captain Ahab pursues and finally meets the white whale which is his nemesis and the instrument of his doom. Their meeting provides a rip-roaring climactic episode for an always-interesting tale of a fabulous adventure.

Gregory Peck's Ahab is blustering, brutal, and insane, a good performance which inevitably recalls an even better one by John Barrymore in the silent version. Richard Basehart is a believable Ishmael, and Leo Genn, Orson Welles, James Robertson Justice, Bernard Miles, and Harry Andrews fit into the seafaring tradition, as men who live of and by the whaling trade.

*Moby Dick* is a timeless sea adventure, and in this version the thrills and excitements fill the screen to the bursting point. It is a rattling good movie for those who like their screen fare unreceded with a flourish. (Warner Bros.)

## Reviews in Brief

**BHOWANI JUNCTION** is a colorful vignette of India 1947, as the British were turning over the reigns of government

to the country they had ruled for centuries. Based on the John Masters novel, with several Hollywood touches added, the production offers an absorbing study of the cross-currents, the political intrigues, and the confusions which eddied and swirled during the dying days of a colonial regime. Principal attention is given to the romance of an Anglo-Indian girl and a British General, she caught in an ethnical trap, he torn between duty and love. Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger play these roles with more than their usual understanding, assisted by an exceptionally fine British cast. But the most intriguing aspects of this Indian-made production remain in the background. The Communist bid for power, as yet unresolved in India, is graphically underscored, but the scenes of Indian life are interestingly drawn. (M-G-M)

**THE RACK** is concerned with the court martial of an Army Captain, accused of collaboration in the Korean War. An extended version of a television play, the story is by turn melodramatic and depressing, interesting in the problems it poses, unsatisfactory in many of the conclusions it reaches. However, it does make one point which bears repeating often, i.e. the "easier way" is often more difficult than the right way. Paul Newman, as the officer who broke under Communist torture, is believable, and Wendell Corey is fine as the prosecuting major. Edmund O'Brien, Walter Pidgeon, and Anne Francis are also good in this complex but absorbing study of a perplexing problem. (M-G-M)



Rod Taylor and Debbie Reynolds in "The Catered Affair," film adaptation of a TV play

Bette Davis, Barry Fitzgerald, Ernest Borgnine, and Debbie Reynolds interpret Paddy Chayefsky's Bronx-Irish family in **THE CATERED AFFAIR**, another TV play stretched to movie size. Riding the popularity wave as a result of *Marty*, Chayefsky sets out to interpret an Irish-Catholic family living in drab surroundings and faced with the problem of providing their daughter with a "catered" wedding. Though it means spending a lifetime's savings, the mother is determined to marry her daughter off "right." As played by Miss Davis, this Irish mother is far from sympathetic, and her attempts at dialect are often inconsistent, while Borgnine is but rarely believable as a cab driver named Hurley. Fitzgerald fulfills a familiar assignment, and Miss Reynolds, teamed with Rod Taylor, plays the innocent cause of the commotion quite effectively. Chayefsky's probing of the middle-class family doesn't quite strike pay dirt this time, but it is an interesting experiment, and a fairly amusing adult drama. (M-G-M)

**STRANGER AT MY DOOR** offers a good suspense story, two fine performances, and a palatable moral among its assets. Macdonald Carey is cast as a frontier parson whose faith in an outlaw is eventually justified, when Skip Homeier is redeemed after a period as hideout in the Reverend's farm. This is interesting as an exercise in the value of do-goodism and a generally interesting approach to pioneer-day drama. (Republic)

**TOY TIGER** is a lively and entertaining family comedy, focused on the pixie personality of young Tim Hovey, fondly remembered as the pint-sized tornado in *The Private War of Major Benson*. The plot is a far-fetched fable about a lonely boarding school boy who dreams up a fabulous father and regales his schoolmates with tales of high adventure. The boy's widowed mother, who is an advertising agency executive, and an art director in her firm also figure in the story, but it is young Hovey's unique charm and natural ability which make the picture outstanding. (Universal-International)

Tim Hovey picks Jeff Chandler as his father in the heartwarming comedy, "Toy Tiger"



A young Episcopal minister takes to the prize ring to earn money for an iron lung and a swimming pool in **THE LEATHER SAINT**, an interesting, well-acted family movie. John Derek plays the muscular minister, and Paul Douglas is the fight manager who isn't aware of his protege's "double life." Though the story is cut along well-grooved lines, it does provide a pleasant hour or so for the youngsters and uncritical adults. The fight scenes are less than realistic when compared to the gory battles in some recent ring yarns, but fill the purpose here quite adequately. (Paramount)

### Summer Playguide

The following plays include those current on Broadway as well as older productions which may be revived in summer playhouses throughout the country. The list has been gathered from reviews appearing in *THE SIGN* during the past ten years.

#### FOR THE FAMILY:

*Age and Grace; Bamboo Cross; Jenny Kissed Me; Hear, Hear; Late Arrival; Marcel Marceau; Mrs. McThing; Peter Pan; Slightly Delinquent; Song Out of Sorrow; The Song of Norway; Ten Little Indians; That Winslow Boy*

#### FOR ADULTS:

*A Day by the Sea; Anastasia; The Boy Friend; By the Beautiful Sea; Caine Mutiny Court Martial; Craig's Wife; Dark is Light Enough; Dial M for Murder; Gramercy Ghost; Harvey; Home is the Hero; I Remember Mama; King of Hearts; Late Love; Life with Father; Life with Mother; Me and Juliet; Mister Johnson; Mr. Wonderful; My Fair Lady; My Three Angels; Oklahoma; Ondine; Reclining Figure; Sandhog; So*





Scene from "The Leather Saint," in which John Derek is a fighting minister

*Girl; The Fifth Season; The Fragile Fox; The Fourposter; The Frogs of Spring; The Grand Prize; The Girl in Pink Tights; The Golden Apple; The Happy Time; The Hasty Heart; The Little Foxes; The Male Animal; The Rainmaker; The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker; The Seven-Year Itch; The Shrike; The Tender Trap; The Vamp; The Winner; Tonight in Samarkand; Tiger at the Gates; Traveling Lady; Wedding Breakfast; Young and Beautiful*

#### COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE

*brina Fair; Southwest Corner; The Chalk Garden; The Cocktail Party; The Confidential Clerk; The Desperate Hours; The Flowering Peach; The Glass Menagerie; The Honeys; The Inspector Calls; The King and I; The Lark; The Matchmaker; The Desk Set; The Diary of Anne Frank; The Living Room; The Righteous are Bold; The Solid Gold Cadillac; The Strong are Lonely; The Saint of Bleeker Street; The Teahouse of the August Moon; Three for Tonight; Time Limit; Time Out for Ginger; A Trip to Bountiful; The Wayward Saint; Witness for the Prosecution; Wonderful Town; A Most Happy Fella*

*Affair of Honor; A Hatful of Rain; A View from the Bridge; Bus Stop; Camino Real; Can-Can; Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; Clutterbuck; Dear Charles; Fanny; For Love or Money; Good Night Ladies; House of Flowers; I Am a Camera; Janus; Island of Goats; Little Glass Clock; Little Hut; Lunatics and Lovers; Mlle. Colombe; Maid in the Ozarks; Middle of the Night; Quadrille; Pipe Dream; Pajama Tops; Pal Joey; Picnic; Seventh Heaven; A Streetcar Named Desire; Strip for Action; Summer and Smoke; Take a Giant Step; Tea and Sympathy; Third Person; Time of the Cuckoo; The Constant Wife; The Immoralist; The Rose Tattoo; The Voice of the Turtle; Tobacco Road; Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter; The Lovers*

#### PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE

*About Mrs. Patterson; Affairs of State; All Summer Long; Ankles Aweigh; Anna Lucasta; Annie Get Your Gun; Anniversary Waltz; Bell, Book, and Candle; Black Chiffon; Black-eyed Susan; Blithe Spirit; Brigadoon; Burlesque; Damn Yankees; Don Juan in Hell; Fallen Angels; Gigi; Girls Can Tell; Goodbye My Fancy; Guys and Dolls; Hazel Flagg; Hit the Trail; Inherit the Wind; Kismet; Kind Sir; Member of the Wedding; Music in the Air; Oh Men, Oh Women; On Your Toes; One Eye Closed; Plain and Fancy; Porgy and Bess; Portrait in Black; Portrait of a Lady; A Roomful of Roses; Silk Stockings; South Pacific; The Bad Seed; The Champagne Complex; The Country*

#### The New Plays

Whatever praise is to be meted out to Samuel Beckett's philosophical mélange belongs to Bert Lahr, who emerges from the realm of buffoonery to become a dramatic actor of stature. His splendid characterization in an ambiguous role is the high point of an otherwise confusing performance. **WAITING FOR GODOT** will have as many interpretations as the number of people who see it. Briefly, it deals with two tramps, hopelessly despairing, bored, selfish, tragically unhappy. Even their attempts at suicide prove futile. They yearn for the arrival of "Godot" to take them out of their misery. Godot's messenger can only continue telling them that he will come tomorrow. But for Gogo (Lahr) and Didi (E. G. Marshall), Godot never comes. Beckett, an Irish writer who has been a Paris resident for years and who once served as secretary to James Joyce, is evidently attempting to convey his belief in the futility of life, or perhaps his allegory concerns two souls in Hell who continue begging for Godot (God?) to release them. One thing is certain: he has succeeded in creating a smokescreen of confusion, a loquacious cloud of materialism and existentialism.

Acting-wise *Waiting for Godot* is exciting theater, morally and philosophically it leaves much to be desired, for Beckett has a distorted picture of humanity and man's existence.

# THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Scripture Items

a) Do the words of St. Matthew imply that a world-wide resurrection took place? (27:51-53) b) What did Our Lord mean when He said: "Heaven and earth shall pass, but My words shall not pass?" (Matt. 24:35) c) Was there any chance of salvation for those who lived and died prior to Christ's death?—E. G., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



a) "The earth quaked, the rocks were rent, the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints that had slept arose. And coming out of the tombs after His resurrection, they came into the holy city and appeared to many." There is no conflict between the facts as stated by St. Matthew and the fact that mummies have been found in Egypt and elsewhere. The earthquake recorded was local; the resurrection of the dead was not only local but confined to those who had died in the grace of God.

b) The heaven here referred to by Our Lord is not the place of eternal bliss, but the physical heaven or heavens which, together with the earth, the dictionary includes under the term "firmament."

c) No one could or can be saved, except through the expiation and merits of Christ. "There is one mediator of God and men—Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a redemption for all." (1 Tim. 2:56) Those who lived out their probation in this world before the advent of Christ, and who served God according to their lights and to the best of their ability, were saved—by an *advanced* application of the merits of Christ. For that matter, the Mother of Christ enjoyed her Immaculate Conception before the advent of Christ, before He actually suffered for the salvation of all. This was accomplished by the simple process of applying the merits of the Divine Son to the soul of the Mother in advance. We must remember that with God there is no such thing as time—an event which, according to our reckoning, is a hundred years in the future is already present to the Almighty. "Be not ignorant that one day, with the Lord, is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." (2 Peter 3:8) A typical example of the anticipation of benefits is that of an author to whom the publishers advance royalties on a book yet to be published and sold.

## "Green Light"

My function is that of a "middle man"—to establish contacts among foreign exporters and American importers. Recently, I have been approached by agents from behind the Iron Curtain. May I co-operate by locating American buyers for them?—F. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

As long as it is ruled legal by the USA to import from such countries, your co-operation is permissible. By contrast, it would be sinful to co-operate in the sale to such countries of strategic, blacklisted exports. Under the cir-

cumstances you describe, your freedom of conscience is based—not upon the fact that your co-operation is indirect and remote, rather than direct and proximate but on the present legality of such import business.

## Fanaticism

Am a teen-ager, with definite plans for marriage, but fear it will be a failure. I have no fault to find with my fiancé, except that once in a while he wants a glass of beer. —G. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.

In this connection, your upbringing at home and at school has been unfortunate. You have been "taught to hate drinking—even one glass of beer." Because your fiancé was about to have a beer, after abstaining for six months to accommodate you, you had a bitter quarrel and dubbed him an alcoholic! The teacher who told you that there is nothing worse in this world than taking a drink and that drinking is usually a mortal sin is mistaken.

You are too young to remember the Prohibition Era in this country—a short-lived experiment of extremists—and the evils entailed by that extremism, until its repeal by a national referendum. But you can read thoughtfully the gospel account of Our Lord's solicitude to provide wine for a bride and groom. Lest they be bereft of this alcoholic beverage, He worked a miracle. (John 2:1-11) We recommend that you make your own Our Lord's attitude toward alcoholic beverages—taken in moderation, of course—or else your married future will be a life of misery for you and your husband. (Even though you did not request it, we would not tell your parents about your fiancé's "weakness," anyway.)

## Any Hope?

If a person has to choose between denial of his faith and death and repudiates his faith in a spirit of cowardice, is it still possible for him to save his soul?—B. B., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Yes. Our period of probation extends from the beginning of the use of reason and responsibility until the end of mortal life. The outstanding example of thorough conversion after a cowardly denial of Christ is Saint Peter, who lived to repent and to die as a crucified martyr.

## Why Frequent Confession?

How can I explain to a convert why we should go to confession regularly and frequently, even though he has done nothing seriously wrong?—A. M., ST. PAUL, MINN.

On the one hand, the most important effect of the Sacrament of Penance is the remission of the guilt of mortal sin and of corresponding eternal punishment. On the other hand, this sacrament remits also the guilt of venial sin and at least some of the corresponding temporal punishment. The

Sacrament of Reconciliation effects always, either the restoration of divine grace to the soul or an increase of the grace with which a soul is already blessed. The more grace enjoyed by a soul, the more that person is under the influence of divine enlightenment and encouragement.

### **Lame Excuse**

*A friend of mine has stayed away from the sacraments for a long time, because he has a deep, resonant voice and has never learned to whisper. Why cannot our confessionals be sound-proofed?*—G. G., PEAPACK, N. J.

We agree with you as to the desirability of having our confessionals sound-proofed. This improvement is the more urgent for the sake of those who are hard of hearing and who do not use a hearing aid. But the likelihood of being overheard is a lame excuse for shying away from the sacraments for any length of time. A penitent can arrange to make his confession in the sacristy or the rectory, if need be.

### **The Holy Family**

*Am a convert of long standing, but cannot always give a convincing answer to questions of non-Catholics. Although married, why did Our Blessed Lady remain a virgin, and therefore, why is the Holy Family upheld as the ideal family?*—L. P., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

We feel confident that even those who do not actually acknowledge the divinity of Christ and Mary's divine motherhood can understand and approve the fittingness that a God-Man be conceived and born miraculously of a virgin. To anyone with the proper instincts of regard for God, any other supposition would be not only doctrinally unsound, but unspeakably repugnant. So, too, the supposition that the Mother of the God-Man did not persevere as a virgin. Many non-Catholics disbelieve the perpetual virginity of Mary, because they do not know enough about the Scriptures to be reliable interpreters. According to understood usage at the time, the terms "brother" and "sister" were applied to cousins. Hence, it does not follow at all, from those terms, that Mary mothered children other than her Divine Child.

The fact that Mary mothered only one child and that His conception and birth of a virgin were miraculous does not detract from Jesus, Mary, and Joseph as the ideal family. As a family, they were unique in the most literal sense of the term. They are a model family because of their individual virtue and because of their mutual devotion as exemplified at Bethlehem, in Egypt, at Nazareth and Jerusalem.

### **"So What?"**

*How can Grace Kelly, as a Catholic, profess belief in reincarnation, astrology, or the like?*—R. M., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

It does not follow, as you imply by your questions, that Grace Kelly "professes belief" in theories in which she may have manifested some curiosity or interest. The clipping you enclose is typical of the Sunday magazine section of many newspapers—notorious for feature write-ups which, if accurate and reliable, would be sensational. But no adult with regard for his reputation for a mature mind would be caught reading such trash.

Since Grace Kelly is known to be a thoroughly good Catholic, we doubt the accuracy of the statements as alleged. Any Christian worthy of the name—whether Catholic or non-Catholic—knows that the Buddhist theory of reincarnation of souls is indefensible nonsense. Logically, the Bridey Murphy experiments of Bernstein would not be taken as

"interesting evidence" of reincarnation. Without actually believing in astrology, people sometimes cast horoscopes in the same spirit of fun in which they read tea leaves or palms. As for telepathy, it is fascinating but harmless when exemplified by someone like Dunninger, who emphasizes his independence of diabolical agencies. But that sort of thing is a far cry from spiritualism, which has wrecked countless men and women, mentally and morally. We feel safe in doubting that Grace Kelly has so much as dabbled in spiritualism. After appraising that magazine column for what it is worth, we can say, with calm skepticism: "So what?"

### **Properly Understood**

*Why do Catholic writers and speakers refer to the Blessed Virgin Mary as having been "chosen" to be the Mother of God? Hadn't we better have some precision of speech?*—E. O'C., PITTSBURGH, PA.



We regret that you have been kept waiting for a reply to your inquiry of a year ago. But your question has been one of several thousand on the waiting list. It is refreshing to know that you are alert to precision of speech—and thought—in matters of doctrine. However, your uneasiness as to the accuracy of Catholic writers and speakers is based upon a misunderstanding.

When we say that Mary was "chosen" to be the Mother of God, we do not imply that the Almighty did not decide upon His choice until the day of the Annunciation by the Angel Gabriel. Mary's previous Immaculate Conception is indication of that fact. Divine decisions are made from all eternity and are manifested in the course of time. God actually did choose Mary, rather than anyone else, and then prepared her soul accordingly.

### **Still Useful**

*I have quite a supply of rosaries, medals, and canceled stamps. Is there any place I can send them where such things can be used for the missions?*—D. F., CAMDEN, N. J.

If religious articles are not disfigured beyond repair, send them and canceled stamps to The Passionist Fathers, Holy Cross Seminary, Dunkirk, N. Y.

### **"Prove Yourself!"**

*Am of Mexican stock, but have been made to feel ashamed of it, and inferior. Should I feel that way?*—M. C., CANTON, OHIO.

From the history of your school days, it seems there may have been fault on both sides—your own and that of your teachers. You may have "given them a handle" to chide you for tardiness or inattention. But they may have so overdone the reference to the Spanish *mañana* ("postpone it till tomorrow") as to make it an odious epithet; similarly, such remarks as: "If you were leaning against a cactus, you wouldn't feel it!"

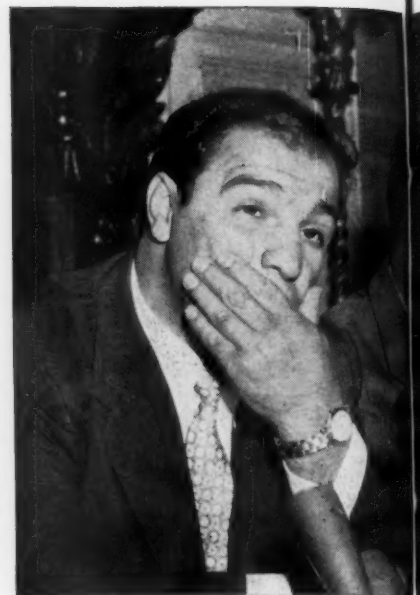
You must remember that teachers who are otherwise qualified are not always tactful. As a consequence, countless children are made to suffer unnecessarily and unprofitably. Even children are noted for their thoughtless cruelty to one another. Your inferiority complex is a carryover from the days when you were trying to "find yourself." Forget those unpleasant experiences. You can be proud of your background of Spanish-Mexican culture. Be prompt, attentive, industrious; make the most of your present and future, and to yourself and others "prove yourself!"



... You don't understand



... I don't mind knocking a fellow out



... I just don't want

SOME MEN were dickering over a business deal with Rocky Marciano and he was having a bad time of it. In all his adult life, he had made only one important decision for himself—the decision to retire as heavyweight champion of the world and punch no more profiles for profit. Now he was trying to make another and there was a conflict of interests that made him unhappy because no matter how the deal went somebody had to be disappointed.

"Look, Rock," a friend said, "you know Bill here, and you trust him. Why don't you just sign up with him now and settle the whole thing?"

"You don't understand," said the roughest, toughest fighter of his time. "I don't mind knocking a fellow out. I just don't want to hurt anybody's feelings."

If he is truly finished now, let that stand as his farewell address.

Volumes could be written, and almost surely will be, about the only fighter in mankind's history who lived by his fists and never lost a match, never was held to a draw. In all of them, there could be nothing more richly characteristic of the man, more expressive of his way of thinking, than his own simple, halting statement.

He didn't mind beating a man senseless. That was his job; no offense; sorry about the headache. But to hurt another's feelings—that would be discourteous, inconsiderate, and downright ungentlemanly.

The roughest, toughest fist fighter of his time is a gentleman in the literal sense of gentle man.

He who had no physical fear was frightened, after he won the championship, to discover how easily a man in his position could, with sincere good intentions, give offense inadvertently. On a tour of the Pacific, he was scheduled to box an exhibition in Manila on a Thursday but there was rain that day and for two days following. The promoter wanted the show for Sunday.

"No," Rocky said, "I'm a Catholic and I go to Mass on Sunday."

He was startled when the papers carried front-page stories about this. Later he visited a leper colony where the priest told him:

"Rocky, these people out here are great sports enthusiasts and we try to get them to be good church people. By that one example, you have done more for the Catholic religion here than anyone has done in my time."

"What scared me," Rocky said later, "I hadn't thought anything about it at all. Shucks, when I'm training for a fight I have to work on Sundays. When the priest said that to me, I realized how lucky I was; I could just as well say something else without thinking and it might be a wrong thing that would hurt somebody. It scares you."

It is a theory here that a special Providence puts the right words in the mouths of the honestly disposed. Nobody ever included silver-tongued eloquence

in a list of Rocky's gifts, yet when he does stand up to talk he speaks with such warm and simple sincerity that his words happily match the spirit of the occasion.

There was a dinner in New York, for example, where Rocky was a guest of the sports photographers. They are a company of desperadoes brandishing the flashgun like a Malay *kris*, and they don't squander honors lightly. Annually they give an award which, it seems here, conveys a very special distinction.

Most of the plaques and scrolls and bottle caps distributed at sports dinners are given in recognition of brawn or speed of foot or manual dexterity, attributes for which Nature should be credited. The cameramen present their bauble to the man in sports whom they have found to be most willingly co-operative.

Theoretically, he doesn't have to be a champion at anything, although in fact if he were a bum they wouldn't be seeking his co-operation. Still, it isn't his athletic ability they're saluting. They are saying instead:

"Here is a gent. He helps a working stiff do his job."

So they gave it to Rocky, and at dinner they seated him beside one Artie Aidala, whom he had not met formally before that evening. Artie is a news photographer who doubles as a fight judge in New York. He is also a double-talk artist who can simulate an Italian accent; when he does doubletalk in dia-





United Press Photos

## THE GENTLE ROCK

The roughest, toughest fist fighter of his time didn't mind beating men senseless. But to hurt somebody's feelings—well, that would be downright ungentlemanly

by RED SMITH

... to hurt anybody's feelings

lect, the very strongest men blench.

When Rocky rose to accept the award, that special Providence must have told him that this irreverent assembly was no audience for a spiel on motherhood or home gardening.

"I've been sitting next to this fella here all evening," Rocky said. "He was introduced to me as a boxing commissioner from Palermo and he's been telling me about the difference in rules here and in Italy. For instance he tells me over there you're allowed to kick your opponent after you knock him flat on his back.

"Well, I've been listening and listening and thinking. 'Where have I seen this guy? Is he on the level or am I getting the works?' All of a sudden, I got it.

"This is the creep that voted against me in the LaStarza fight."

If Rocky is finished now, there should be a place in history for Artie Aidala, a place somewhere up near Don Mogard, Tiger Ted Lowry, and Red Applegate. Mogard, Lowry, and Applegate are the only men who ever fought Rocky and didn't get knocked out, soon or late. Artie Aidala is the only judge who ever thought Marciano had lost a fight, and Artie was outvoted in the first LaStarza match. In the second, voting was superfluous.

"If Rocky is truly finished" seems to be a recurring line here. At the time this is written, he is retired and he means it. By the time this gets into print—well, who knows?

Sports writers feel they know Rocky, and understand how his mind works, better than they ever knew another heavyweight champion. Chances are they do, for he has been the most easily approachable of sports celebrities and he is, as a consequence, the most thoroughly documented hero of all. With his amiable co-operation, biographers have traced him all the way back to the doctor who, delivering him as an infant, smacked his red bottom to give him a start in life.

"I," the doctor has boasted, "am the first man who ever hit the heavyweight champion of the world."

Well, aware of his honesty, they know he meant it when he announced that he was through with the ring. Familiar with his quality of resolution, they know he will not change his mind capriciously. They know a few other things, too.

They realize that from the time he approached maturity, all his decisions were made for him. First he was in the Army, where a Pfc is seldom consulted on high-level policy. Then he went to work for Al Weill.

"If I manage you," Al said, "you got to remember this. With me, I'm the boss. I do the managing and all you do is the fightin'. You don't ask me who you're fightin' or where you're fightin' or how much you're gettin'. When you go to the gym you do what Charley Goldman tells you, and after the fight you get your share."

That's how it was for nine years. A

husband and father, Rocky earned financial security for his parents and his own family, and got to be thirty-one years old, and never made a decision. Then he said, "That's it," and neither his manager nor the promoter, Jim Norris, could alter his decision.

Remember, though, it was his first decision, and he might understandably entertain doubts of its wisdom. Just before he made the announcement, he had been vacationing in South America where he met assorted tycoons who ran at him with flattering offers of employment. A few weeks after quitting, he had a number of propositions guaranteeing an income of \$100,000 a year.

Maybe those propositions will stand up and maybe they won't. Possibly, even when this is published, Rocky will be wondering. He'll still be physically fit, still confident that he can whip anybody in the world with his fists. And within a year there'll be an heir-apparent at the top of the heavyweight heap, with the public clamoring for a Marciano match.

Rocky will see a chance to pick up a quarter of a million dollars in one lump. He'll weigh that against the satisfaction of being the only champion in all the world who never lost. Perhaps he'll consult friends, and with a quarter-million at stake his friends will be painfully reluctant to advise him.

At least once more, he'll have to make the big decision all by his big, gentle, hulking self.

# BOOKS

## A LONG WAY FROM HOME

By Vern Sneider.  
Putnam.

256 pages.  
\$3.50

Patterns of tragedy and the particularly hideous suffering of a country divided against itself in war are traced in *A Long Way From Home*. Vern Sneider has skillfully and compassionately shown what it means to live in the battleground of a police action against Communism. Most of his characters are South Korean, peasants brusquely forced into the moulds of western military methods; children and old people, bombed out and homeless; householders stealing and killing, for food for their families.

There is a deep feeling for the Korean peasant, whether soldier or civilian. *A Long Way From Home* is a wonderful picture of young native recruits to an international army; "The Box" a study of a young Communist soldier's thoughts of home; "A Pail of Oysters" shows pastoral, patriarchal society disrupted.

Besides the stories of South Korea and violence, there is one against race prejudice in an American army camp, a fable about "the dumbest man in the army," and a charming and amusing tale of an old refugee uncle welcomed into the arms of his American relatives.

These stories simply lack the sparkle of *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, but they possess rounded characterizations, a vivid interpretation of oriental culture and standards, and—remarkable among the chic, slick storywriting of today—great respect for human dignity. They are important and moving.

CLORINDA CLARKE.



V. Sneider

never completely stifled by his home life, had revived when he met Laura.

But it was just the first few years of their relationship that were free of shadow. The birth of their son Robin had incited in Lindon an irrational jealousy which posed a problem of constantly choosing sides for Laura. The man she had married was still half stranger, and she was only dimly aware of how much he needed her help to dispel the dark secrets of his past.

With Robin's development the three faced a situation that invited daily crises. Regarding the boy as a rival to his wife's affection and unable to understand in him the gentle and sensitive qualities inherited from Laura, Lindon gave way to coldness and unconscious cruelties. Robin, torn between meeting the rigid requirements of one parent and seeking the solace of the other, felt a repeated drain on his loyalties, while Laura, thrust into the nervous role of buffer, strove to maintain a ragged truce.

The solution to the painful family triangle, both introduced and succeeded by elements of tragedy, is a theme handled with delicacy and conviction by Miss Kay. Though as an author she is *en rapport* with the quivering hurts and loneliness of her characters, as a judge she advocates mutual forgiveness as the exclusive means of their peace of mind, using a Catholic priest as her mediating *deus ex machina*.

There is a wealth of emotion-full writing here that, remarkably, never gets sticky. The literary orchid of the month to this fresh and honest talent.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

## A THING OF BEAUTY

By A. J. Cronin.  
Little, Brown.

440 pages.  
\$1.00

The author of so many memorable novels has added another to his record with this moving study of a young English painter who sacrificed family, position, even life itself, in his devotion to art. Like the dedicated men in other Cronin novels, Stephen Desmond is a compelling and fascinating personality, even when he is most



A. J. Cronin

provoking in his determined quest for beauty.

Destined to follow in his father's career as a Rector, young Stephen chose instead to follow a star which led across Europe, from the inevitable Paris studio to Spain's austere villages, then back to England, where his work brought on scandal and a sensational trial. Finally, in London's Thames-side, and in seaside Margate, he finds peace and understanding, and the opportunity to create the masterpieces he had gambled his life to deliver.

Cronin's unique skill as a storyteller is at its best here. His artist is a young man whose passionate devotion to his work often carries him over the waterfall. He isn't the most likable of Cronin's dedicated heroes, lacking the spiritual powers of his missionary in *Keys of the Kingdom* or the humanity of his man of medicine in *The Citadel*. Yet this determined lover of beauty is a man to remember, and his Cinema-Scope future is already assured.

JERRY COTTER.

## ALL THE BOOKS OF MY LIFE

By Sheila Kaye-Smith.  
Harper.

192 pages.  
\$3.00

It was Charles Lamb who once suggested a special thanksgiving not merely for food but also for those "spiritual repasts," our books. This seems to be what Sheila Kaye-Smith had in mind throughout this last volume written before her death last January. To any booklover the subject is provocative, with its record of changing tastes through the changing years. It is significant, for instance, of the present author's predestined penchant for prose realism—although she was to make a few happy experiments in verse—that as a child she disliked fairy tales and as a young student preferred Pope to Shakespeare. Proceeding into her chosen field of the English novel, she found the "robust" eighteenth-century Richardson and Fielding more to her taste not only than Dickens or Thackeray but also than her own contemporaries, Bennett, Conrad, and Galsworthy.



S. Kaye-Smith

During her early writing days, Miss Kaye-Smith became intrigued by the copious and weighty mystical excursions of Blake and Swedenborg, sharing also in passing fads for the occult. The memories became more lively and personal after her discovery that "books have authors," when she began to have friendships with such contrasting contemporaries as Hardy, Robert Nichols, and G. B. Stern. And although she claims that she was not one who "read herself" into the Church, it is interesting to learn that practically all the spiritual reading which she shared with her husband, Penrose Fry, during their Anglican days was in the classic Catholic tradition. Many of us would welcome a few more frankly autobiographical details of the conversion period—just as we could wish the books discussed included those written as well as those read by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

KATHERINE BREGY.

## THE ROAD TO GLORY

By Darwin Teilhet.  
Funk & Wagnalls.

275 pages.  
\$3.75

The struggle of the world against the spirit in a young Mexican cartographer sent to California in the 1780's is the theme of this novel. Hugo Oconor has dreams of glory in an important office in the Mexican government on his return from a surveying trip to the San Jose area. His meeting with a young daughter of the settlers aboard ship, his discovery that the captain and the leader of the expedition are freebooters in the quicksilver trade, and finally his friendship with Father Junipero Serra, head of the Franciscan missionaries in California, cause radical changes in his life ambitions.



D. Teilhet

Mr. Teilhet has done considerable research into California history and especially into the life of Father Serra. He tells us in an afterward that while the characters of Hugo and Marica are fictional, even the conversations of Father Serra are his own words pieced together from his letters and biography. They have the wisdom and perception worthy of a man considered for sainthood. His influence leads Hugo to stay in California with Marica, seeing with Father Serra the vision of a new life of plenty in this naturally wealthy virgin country. Parts of the intrigue and chase of the freebooters read like a Western horse opera, so this, combined with the "higher" influences, should make the novel interesting to the movies. It has color, romance, suspense, adventure, and Father Serra who did so well in

*Seven Cities of Gold.* What more could one want?

PAULA BOWES.

## RING LARDNER

By Donald Elder.  
Doubleday.

409 pages.  
\$1.75

According to the author, Ring Lardner in 1926 "was certainly among the most famous men in the United States, and easily the funniest." That statement, like many others in this book, is certainly exaggerated. Lardner's fame rests on his "You Know Me Al" baseball stories, but the generous selections given of these only proves that the style is now not only dated, but tedious. On the basis of a collection of quite different stories, Lardner was hailed by the "Algonquin clique" in the twenties as one of America's greatest writers of satire. He had a great talent, but the lot of a humorist or satirist is a hard one. Lardner himself had no illusions as to his literary attainments.

It is not clear what caused his compulsive drinking which, coupled with tuberculosis, led to a fatal heart attack at the early age of forty-eight in 1933. His powers were failing and he appeared frustrated.

Saturnine in appearance and inclined to be an "odd fish," Lardner still had the faculty of making many friends. At heart a sentimentalist, he wore a mask of cynicism. He was accused of being a misanthrope, but he appears to have been a decent and generous man. The Black Sox scandal even soured him on his beloved baseball, which seems to prove that he was an idealist.

To those who relished Lardner's writing, this long book will probably be gladly welcomed, but it does not have enough inherent interest to appeal to a wider audience.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

## GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM

By J. C. Furnas.  
Sloane.

435 pages.  
\$6.00

The conventional stereotypes of the American Negro, especially those which attribute the success of certain individuals in rising above their original status to having white antecedents, have their roots, according to J. C. Furnas, in the picture of slavery and Negro conditions drawn by Harriet Beecher Stowe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The accuracy of Mrs. Stowe's descriptions have, of course, been questioned many times. From that viewpoint *Goodbye to Uncle Tom* hardly represents an original contribution. But, perhaps, it is fitting that this questioning should take place once again in an age so troubled over integration, social

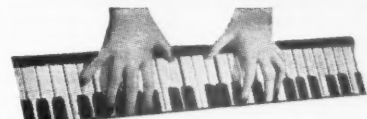
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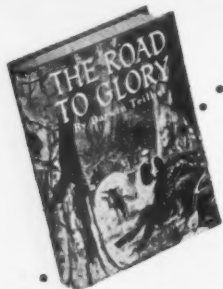
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by Darwin Teilhet

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equality, and the place of the Negro in contemporary society.

One will find in this book an accurate account of slavery as a social institution based upon standard sources, an intimate picture of the Underground Railroad, an assessment of the social impact of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* both as a book and as a play, and, finally, a review of the findings of modern science, especially psychology and genetics, as they relate to the Negro and to Negro-White relations. Particularly significant is the author's treatment of the phenomenon of "passing," the process by which a light-colored Negro passes himself off as a White, and its effects upon the purity of white "blood" today.

*Goodbye to Uncle Tom* is certainly a comprehensive treatment of these aspects of American social history and well worth the reader's attention. However, the author's style seems frequently clumsy and labored.

EDWARD R. O'CONNOR.

## THE ROSEMARY TREE

By Elizabeth Goudge.  
Coward-McCann.

381 pages.  
\$3.95

A long and very leisurely novel of the English countryside told in Miss Goudge's familiar lady-like and highly romantic manner. As is her custom, Miss Goudge mixes into her writing cake almost as many literary and poetically allusive plums as can be packed into the thin batter of plot. In this novel, Cervantes and his Don Quixote are Miss Goudge's background protagonists.



E. Goudge

It is a story of minor spiritual unhappinesses among people who lack sympathetic understanding of each other. John Wentworth, vicar of Belmaray, a haplessly inefficient man in worldly matters, annoys and irritates his wife. Their children are unhappy in a hateful school, where the two schoolmistresses are at odds with each other. To the village comes a young playwright, just released from prison for theft of trust funds in his care, who in the past had jilted the vicar's wife on the eve of their wedding day. However, he falls properly in love with the younger schoolmistress, who in turn finds much of good in her distasteful associate. The vicar's wife also finds that at heart she had loving need of the inner qualities in her husband. Everything works out, as you know it will.

Miss Goudge's theme is that love comes through patience, "if we wait for it, in such simple ways, through a

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bird's song, a cup of tea, a child with a bunch of flowers, through men and women of good will."

Miss Goudge's novels are as wholesome and fragrant of charm as the rosemary tree of her present title and she seems always to be making little feminine edgy steps toward Catholicism, even when she writes of vicars and vicarages. But impatient new readers are apt to find her heavily gilded romantic rhapsodizing a bit cloying.

DORAN HURLEY.

## THE STORIES OF LIAM O'FLAHERTY

Intro. by Vivian Mercier. 415 pages. Devin-Adair. \$5.00

Authors frequently play out a particular theme. Liam O'Flaherty is best known perhaps as the outstanding novelist of the Irish Rebellion. *Informer* and *Insurrection* have made him the leading fictional-historian of this turbulent era in Ireland's long and proud history.

There is yet another aspect of his work, however, that he reveals in his short stories. Found over and over again in them is his anti-Wordsworthian theme: the natural world is a place of fierce and ruthless combat. Wordsworth may have felt that "nature never harmed those that loved her"; but O'Flaherty is convinced that man can only tranquilize nature by co-operating with her, although sooner or later he is doomed to become her victim.

Inscrutable fate plays havoc with the lives of his Irish peasants. Bitterness, misanthropy, ugliness, and cruelty are dominant moods. Violence flares between man and his fellow man, between man and beast. Even in his animal sketches, nature is stern and at war with herself. Animals tear one another apart; men lacerate their own wounds. Most of these forty-two stories—with one or two pleasant exceptions—are somewhat unpleasant reading. Squeamish readers, take note!

The Irish have always excelled at the short story, and this genre seems to be O'Flaherty's forte. He can pack a whole gamut of emotions into a brief narrative of two or three thousands words. Critically considered, *The Stories of Liam O'Flaherty* is a significant contribution to modern Irish literature.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

## FOR ALL WE KNOW

By G. B. Stern. 256 pages. Macmillan. \$3.50

This is a novel which owes allegiance to the traditional English novel of manners. It is also, more specifically, a novel in the tradition of Mrs. Stern's earlier "Matriarch" series. It gives, in tight dramatic form which reflects the writer's

experience in writing for the stage, the history and conflicts between two branches of a large English family. One-half of the family, descended from Josephine Aylesford, succeeds in producing individuals of unusual creative talent; the other branch of the family tree has grown that more common variety of mankind to which most of us belong—the "average," unremarkable individual. It is Mrs. Stern's primary aim to show that the inward spirit is more important than outward recognition. This theme is expressed, chiefly, through the portrayal of one of the female members of the "common" branch, Gillian Aylesford. Gillian, a high-spirited, intelligent girl (with autobiographical touches) married an honorable, but rather dull distant relative. The book's crisis occurs when Gillian temporarily surrenders to a long-suppressed attraction for a more dashing, romantic lover. Her husband, the noblest character in the book, proves his high spirituality by forgiving Gillian when she realizes her error.

The plot, admittedly, hovers close to the trite and maudlin. Invention is not Mrs. Stern's forte. Her gifts lie beneath the surface of events, in her insight into the human mind, just as *Pride and Prejudice* transcends an uninspired framework through the portrayals of Elizabeth and D'Arcy. Mrs. Stern understands and loves her characters, the bad as well as the good. And since she is an artist, as assured, within her limited sphere, as any other writer producing today, her book is a bona fide creation, capable of drawing the reader out of himself and into its imagined world.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

## SOLDIER

By Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway & Harold W. Martin. 371 pages. Harper. \$5.00

Those who read with interest the *Saturday Evening Post* articles by General Ridgway earlier this year will welcome this more extensive account of the author's career. At that, however, the Ridgway memoir lacks the depth of a full-scale biography; it is as much the story of the army itself as it is the personal account of a courageous field commander.

This is as it should be, no doubt, for what the author has to say about himself is much less important than what he has to say about other things, particularly our present state of preparedness. And in this he pulls no punches. He thinks we are biting off a whole lot diplomatically that we cannot chew militarily-wise. He criticizes the tendency of civilians in the Pentagon to make military decisions on a basis of political expediency. Particularly dangerous, in his view, has been the

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Western Avenue,  
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drastic reduction in the number of units in the field, for "despite all the new and terrible techniques of killing that our generation has devised, the foot soldier is still the ultimate weapon." He warns against the "erroneous attitude that air is all-powerful and the foot soldier is obsolete."

It may well be that the author's views on military defense are unduly influenced by his tremendous admiration for the poor old footslogging doughboy who performed such heroic feats in World War II. Unquestionably, there is much to be said on all sides of the complex problem of preparedness. In any case, General Ridgway's note of warning can hardly be ignored.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE

## GIRL IN MAY

By Bruce Marshall.  
Houghton Mifflin.

243 pages.  
\$3.00

*Girl in May* has the charm and wit of the old college song "Amo, amas, I love a lass" and a certain Burnsian lyricism. Its heroine, Bumpie Dunwoodie, however, besides being irritatingly named, is irritatingly aggressive. If there are many like her in Church of Scotland family life, the *unco guid* over there must have a lot to point the finger of scorn at.



B. Marshall

It is the tale of an episcopal visitation—the Roman Catholic bishop, Duncan Soutar, returns in middle-age to St. Andrew's University and memories of when he was a young Protestant divinity student and in love. Marshall describes this 1918 romance between seventeen-year-old Duncan Soutar and Bumpie, the Canon's daughter, with exuberance and tenderness and a good many high jinks.

Marshall also devotes considerable time and humor to the intermural relationships of the various clergy in town—not only à la Trollope Episcopalian ups and downs—but also their friendship and rivalry with the town's Catholic priest, Father Kentigern, O.F.M., known to his colleagues as the frisky Franciscan. This friendship and rivalry Marshall enjoys developing with theological repartee during golf and cricket games.

Colorful minor characters bustle through the book—the roistering Baillie, Duncan's hated rival, Teviot, Milly the porcelain-skinned vaudevillian, altar boys and street urchins, and several bishops. Pleasant and gay though the book is, some will find it shocking and definitely disrespectful, others, definitely fun. And it is certainly a good thing for general decorum in Scottish religious circles that Bumpie Dunwoodie ends up

a Catholic bishop's memory and not a Protestant clergyman's wife.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

## THE SUDDEN STRANGERS

By William E. Barrett. 314 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95

Dorinda Daly was a gifted musical comedy star. Four fabulously successful plays had made her famous. Her records were selling by the ton. The covers of several magazines had carried her picture, and she had been profiled in others. The public knew everything about her that was unimportant. What they did not know was that some twenty-five years before she had contracted an unfortunate marriage; that she was now fearful her son, Bart McBride, might also enter into a misalliance.

Bart, Ivy League graduate and unsuccessful professional baseball player, was facing an uncertain future. A sordid episode from his past haunted him. Dorinda's private secretary, Mary Norbet, however, is there to help him. Dorinda's wish is to have Bart forget his inamorata and fall in love with Mary. Fall in love they do, of course; but not until Bart establishes contact with his father whom he has never known. A reformed alcoholic atoning for his past life in a monastery, Brother Anselm has words of advice for his son. That all will end happily is all too obvious, as is most of the plot.

The dust jacket may proclaim *The Sudden Strangers* "a dramatic new novel of spiritual conflict by the author of *The Left Hand of God*," but such a blurb can hardly be taken seriously. Lacking the power of its predecessor and yet managing to maintain much of its mawkishness, this novel is pure soap opera—but then even soap operas satisfy now and again.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

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By Theodore Maynard. 242 pages. Regnery. \$4.50

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known background features in the life of Cranmer. He also at times takes issue with other biographers of Cranmer, Belloc for instance.

However, though he bends over backwards to give Cranmer fair and impartial treatment, to develop with some pains the extenuating circumstances that made the man walk a tightrope all his life, the reader's sympathy is not easily won. For a man who had so little personal ambition, he certainly left his mark on England, just as for a man who had so little of the stuff of heroes he died at the stake rather heroically, if still defiantly.

Any encyclopedia will give the facts of Cranmer's life. Theodore Maynard has attempted to interpret the facts in terms of human personalities. Cranmer never aspired to political or religious eminence; he would have been quite content to remain an obscure Cambridge Don. But a certain pliability in his make-up made him an invaluable tool to Henry VIII who was then bent on finding someone whose will he could bend to serve his end.

Besides Cranmer's portrait here there are some very interesting revelations about Anne Boleyn, Katharine, and especially Mary, she of allegedly bloody fame. Very well done are the chapters on the plundering of the monasteries and the Marian persecutions.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

## THE IRISH IN AMERICA

By Carl Wittke. 319 pages.  
Louisiana State Univ. \$5.00

Sometimes violent, frequently colorful, always dotted with unusual personalities great and petty, it should be surprising that the history of the Irish immigrant in the United States had to await 1956 to be written in definitive fashion. But, thanks to Professor Wittke's *The Irish in America*, the wait was worthwhile.

From the pre-1830 Irish immigrants of modest wealth and the "coffin ship" migrants of the 1840's and later, Wittke traces the always eventful story through the fierce battles over trusteeship (though regrettably he barely touches that one), nativism, rural colonization, the Civil War draft, Irish republican radicalism, rivalry between immigrant groups, Anglophobia, and the World War I spawned America First movement. Not all of it makes pretty history, but it might be said to have a happy ending. Despite the darkest prophecies that the Irish could never be successfully Americanized, the descendants of the early, semi-illiterate immigrants have found their place in the mainstream of American life as poets, priests, and corporate presidents.

In the balance, the inevitable social bruises that result from any large influx

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of immigrants are outweighed by the contributions the Irish have made. It was Irish sweat that built our railroads, dug our canals, and manned our factories; it was Irish wit and gaiety that brightened our day; and it was Irish Faith that helped strengthen our religious foundations. Without them, our history might have been more tranquil, but it wouldn't have been half so interesting.

Professor Wittke's book is good reading for anyone intrigued by this important part of our American past.

DENNIS HOWARD.

## MUSSOLINI: TWILIGHT AND FALL

By Roman Dombrowski. 218 pages. Roy. \$3.75

The collapse of Mussolini's dictatorship was almost as sudden and spectacular as his meteoric rise to power. Here for the first time Roman Dombrowski acquaints the American public with the involved and often sordid details of the Duce's downfall and death. Between July 25, 1943, the date on which King Victor Emmanuel dismissed Mussolini as chief of the Italian state, and April 28, 1915, the date of the former dictator's execution, occurred events as melodramatic and exciting as those of any motion picture thriller. The very meeting at which the King informed the Duce of his replacement by Marshall Badoglio was tense with a personal rivalry which "had lasted for twenty years, a rivalry which was never mentioned aloud and which the masses knew very little about; a rivalry which, if a foreign correspondent mentioned it in his despatches, might involve his expulsion from Italy."

For most Americans, to whom the Fascist leader has been merely a rather unpleasant and menacing public figure, the author presents a more intimate picture of Mussolini the man and of his private life than we have previously seen. We are shown his wife, Rachele, a loyal housekeeper in spite of his gross mistreatment of her—a mistreatment he himself admitted when he wrote her: "You were worthy of a different man from me. I have always caused you bitterness and trouble."

We see the "other woman" in his life, Clara Petacci, greedy and ambitious, but faithful to the last horrible death.

Mussolini's life helped to bring about untold sorrow, destruction, and misery. Yet perhaps his best epitaph is contained in the action of the Holy Father who, on hearing of Mussolini's death, "included the name of Benito in his prayers, asking God that this wandering soul might find a sure road through the pathless expanses of eternity."

H. L. ROFINOT



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## SOUTHERN CATHOLICS AND INTEGRATION

(Continued from page 18)

is not room to take care of all the white Catholic children.

"The Catholic Church has made tremendous strides among the Negro people in Georgia," she said, crediting this to the fact that there is no segregation in the churches.

Many other white Catholic parents like the mother of seven said they would take their children out of parochial schools if integration was ordered.

Such an order is unlikely in Georgia. The Church, wary of creating more problems than might be solved, has done nothing to push the idea of ending segregation. Church leaders view the Church's position as tied to the problem outside the Church.

In the only public statement on the subject, issued in answer to a series of questions submitted by a news wire service, the Most Rev. Francis E. Hyland,

auxiliary bishop of Savannah-Atlanta, said:

"I regret very much to say that the prospect is not too encouraging for the immediate future, due primarily to the present political climate in Georgia. The trend, however, is definitely toward integration elsewhere, including some of the states of the South. Therefore, notwithstanding the activities of the state legislature . . . I do not believe that the pattern of segregation can endure too long in this state, which is one of the most Christian and most American in the nation.

"The Catholic Church has always and will always condemn racism, in its various shapes and forms, because it is utterly opposed to the Christian way of life. The Church sympathizes wholeheartedly with the Negro people of Georgia and elsewhere in their aspirations to obtain those rights and recognitions to which they have every claim and title."

PATRICK J. McDONNELL

# THE CHURCH MOVES QUIETLY BUT SURELY

In Virginia, the Church's position is clearly on the side of integration, quiet, gradual, but sure

RICHMOND, Virginia

Quietly and relatively unnoticed amid the furore churned up by the politicians in their drive to find some way of getting around the Supreme Court's school desegregation order, a limited integration of white and Negro pupils has been underway in the Catholic schools of Virginia.

This social experiment in an area where complete segregation in schools, recreation, and transportation is firmly rooted in custom and State law has been proceeding without fanfare for about two years now. And while the start of the program was greeted by grumblings, there have been no spectacular incidents or even anything of enough moment to make those who viewed the whole idea dimly point a finger and say: "See, what did we tell you?"

The lack of any untoward happening doesn't mean, however, that desegregation in the parochial schools has been widely welcomed or that Catholic parents are proudly proclaiming the admission of Negro students to their schools as a stride toward the brotherhood of man. In the words of one Catholic mother, the reaction seems to be largely:

"I guess I'll just have to confess I'm more Southern than Catholic when it

comes to colored children in our schools."

The breakdown of segregation in the Catholic schools of Virginia was signaled even before the Supreme Court handed down its historic decision in May of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools. The Most Rev. Peter L. Ireton, Bishop of the Diocese of Richmond, which embraces most of Virginia and seven West Virginia counties, simply pointed the way when he said that no Catholic child would be denied the privilege of a Catholic education because of race or color.

In September of 1954, the doors of fourteen Catholic schools were opened for the first time to Negro pupils. The impact of the change was outwardly negligible, unquestionably due to the fact that Catholics comprise a small minority in Virginia—about 125,000 in a population of 3,335,000. There are about 735,000 Negroes in Virginia, of whom 8,000 to 10,000 at the most are Catholic.

Only sixty Negro children were enrolled in the schools the first year of the experiment, a number that amounted to only 1.1 per cent of the total enrollment of 5,228 in the fourteen schools. The small percentage prompted an

ardent segregationist non-Catholic politician to observe: "Sure, you folks can take the colored children in without any trouble. You don't have enough of them to give you a problem."

The diocesan practice that was followed was to limit the admission of Negroes to high schools in areas where they had no Catholic high schools for Negroes only. A few elementary schools accepted Negro children who would have to travel great distances to attend a colored Catholic school. In the 1955-56 school year, several additional high schools accepted Negroes. The total enrollment figures for Negroes weren't readily available for the present year, reported Msgr. J. L. Flaherty, diocesan school superintendent, since no racial differentiation is made in enrollment.

Next year, the plans are to broaden the experiment a bit in line with the policy of gradualism. Apparently it is the studied policy of Bishop Iretton to move quietly in this touchy field. To date, the wisdom of the policy seems established. There has been no public criticism of the Catholic school policy, although a considerable amount of private, behind-the-hand sniping at the policy of "jumping the gun on the issue even before the public schools took them in" has been noted. Catholics are well represented in this group of critics.

While the January to March legislature this year did nothing effective on the public school matter, it did act in one respect that will have an effect on the athletic programs of the Catholic high schools. This was the adoption by the assembly of a resolution opposing athletic games between public schools and schools which permit nonwhites on the squads. The resolution doesn't have the full effect of a law, but the school will be inclined to honor the expression of a body which controls the education pulse strings.

Already a number of Catholic high schools have been dropped from public school schedules in football and basketball. One Catholic high school which has eight Negroes in a student body of two hundred permits two Negro athletes to take part in junior varsity play but bars them from the varsity except in games against other Catholic schools. A lot more Catholic schedule juggling is in prospect under the new state resolution.

For the Negro children in the schools, the situation is not completely comfortable. They are a tiny minority in their classes and seem to feel singularly out of place at social functions.

A colored boy at Richmond's Benedictine military high school brought his girl to a dance and danced with her throughout the evening. Later he said he didn't think he would attend any more of the social affairs.

"They were all very nice to me but I

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had a feeling that by being there I was  
cramping their style." Then he added  
with a smile: "Besides, there aren't  
enough Negro students for it to be a  
successful dance for us."

Talks with dozens of Catholics in all  
walks of life lead to the almost ines-  
capable conclusion that the native-born  
Southern Catholic feels much the same  
as his native-born non-Catholic neigh-  
bor on the segregation issue.

He can discuss the issue dispassion-  
ately. He believes firmly in racial jus-  
tice as a fine but rather abstract thing  
that is much to be desired. He feels  
that segregation in schools, parks, and  
playgrounds is a proper thing and is bet-  
ter for both races. He feels that if any  
justification for this point of view is  
needed it can be found in the threat—  
however slight—to the standards his  
own children now enjoy.

A Catholic legislator discussed this at  
some length in a private conversation.  
He emphasized that the conversation, if  
reported, should carry a shroud of  
anonymity.

"Any aspirant for political office in the  
South today must strongly advocate seg-  
regation at any cost if he hopes to be  
successful at the polls," he said, "al-  
though deep down in his heart he may  
not feel as strongly on the subject as he  
speaks."

He went on to say that he believed in  
segregation because in unity there was  
strength and segregation had unified the  
Negro race and resulted in the Negro's  
progress—phenomenal progress, he said—  
in the past ninety years. But he added:

"Personally I do not think that segre-  
gation by law (he is a lawyer) is legally  
or morally right, hence it can neither be  
justified by Christian teaching or the  
Constitution of the United States which  
states in its preamble that 'all men are  
created equal.'"

"It is my further opinion that most  
Negroes wish to remain in segregation on  
a voluntary basis—but object to being  
segregated by law. They want the right  
more than the actual carrying out of the  
right."

"It seems inconsistent and a reflection  
on those who cry for segregation on the  
ground that they are racially superior  
that they need the law to protect them  
against their supposed inferiors. . . .  
Racial superiority—if it exists—is like  
water. It will seek its own level—without  
the aid of the law."

This Catholic legislator, like many of  
the other Virginia-born Catholics who  
discussed the matter, felt that integra-  
tion was bound to come. That seems to  
be the general view of all Virginians,  
with estimates of the time ranging from  
a generation to a century or more. For  
some, the farther the issue is nudged  
toward infinity, the better.

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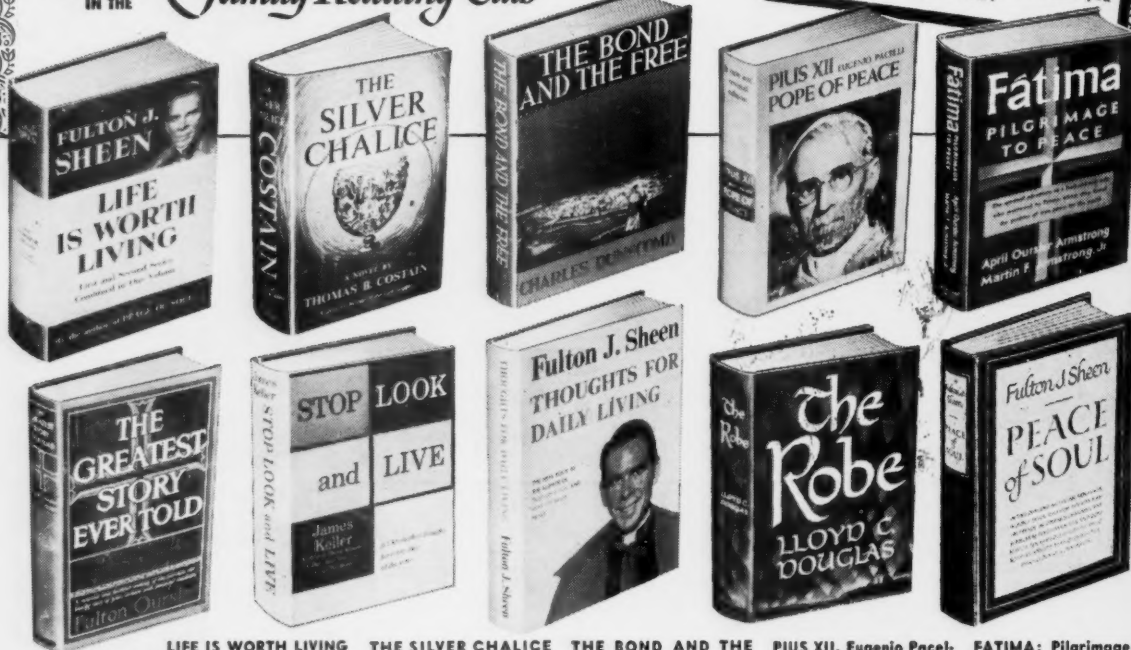
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